Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

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Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

The Future of our Agricultural and Industrial Colleges.

Agricultural, industrial and technical schools and colleges, in this country, are of recent date. In many portions of the Old World they have long been in operation, and many have, through Government aid and patronage, become very firmly established and amply endowed. In the United States most of these institutions date from the passage of the Agricultural Endowment Act of 1862, although in a few instances schools and colleges of this nature had been founded by States or sustained by private enterprise, previous to that period. But notwithstanding the fact that high class institutions of this character had existed in the Old World for many years, they offered but few points for the guidance of the agricultural and industrial colleges in this country, on account of the difference in our people, our government, our laws and social conditions; so that all these institutions have been, from their very nature, experimental, and to a certain extent changeable in their scope. Through the provisions of the National endowment thirty-four institutions were either incorporated as distinct colleges, or the benefits of the grant were, by some change of legal form, conveyed to already existing institutions, so that there are to-day the above number of colleges in our country whose fundamental aim is to make a specialty of such branches of science as have particular connection with agriculture and the mechanic arts. Those chartered as distinct institutions have generally adhered more closely to the requirements of the National act, than have those which had been previously established, and which "extended" their course of study to include those branches required by Congress in order that they might obtain the benefit coming from the act. In many cases of the last mentioned nature, the old colleges have quite overshadowed the new "departments," and there is little that is truly distinctive in their courses, scope or character, to distinguish them from the purely literary institutions. Indeed it may be a question whether some institutions of the latter sort have any claim upon the funds given by the General Government, and a close investigation of the matter would in all probability show that they have not.

These new schools were established through the munificence of the General Government, for the purpose of giving to young men intending to enter the industrial pursuits of life, an education in those branches of science which directly relate to the prosecution of such business in a more intelligent, satisfactory and remunerative manner than that in which they had formerly been conducted. They were to form a basis of scientific and liberal education *towards* the farm, the manufactory and the workshop, rather than *away from it*. Prominence was to be given to those sciences which were directly and intimately related to the productive industries of the country; and in this aim our Government no doubt took a pattern from those European countries where high class technical and agricultural schools receive protection and aid from the State. So far the colleges established under this act have progressed well—not, it is true, in every case without some difficulties consequent upon new enterprises of this kind—but it seems to us they are about to enter a most critical period of their history; one which is fraught with much danger, and which needs to be carefully watched by those who are given the oversight of these institutions, and who are solicitous for their future, as affecting in a vital manner the future of a large portion of our young men, and of the industrial and material interests of the country at large. One source of anxiety arises from want of funds. In their enlarged sphere, demanded by the large number of pupils and the branches taught, the income from the national grant is not sufficient, except in a few cases, for the maintenance of the necessary force of instructors. This deficiency must be met by additional national endowment, State grants or private donations. That it must be obtained from some source is certain; it will not do to drive the life out of these institutions through a failure to provide funds for the payment of competent teachers, and the providing of necessary apparatus and means of illustration and study.

Another danger results from a tendency, in many instances, to drift away, gradually, from the fundamental idea in the establishment of these colleges; that they were to be schools of the new scientific and liberal training, in contra distinction from the old literary colleges. Every such proposed deviation from the original idea should be closely guarded, and in no case considered. There are old colleges enough: if these schools of agriculture and the technical and industrial arts cannot be maintained as such, let them be abandoned rather than allowed to drift into other colleges of like character to the old literary institutions. They are not calculated to reach the same ends, and were not founded for the same purpose; but are totally and radically distinct, and should be so kept. This grandest scheme ever inaugurated by any Government on the face of the earth, for the high education at low cost of its young men in those branches of science on which rests the prosperity of the Nation, should on no account ever cease to work those advantages and results which it was designed they should accomplish. From this tendency, somewhat obvious in many directions, we are sorry to say, there is much to fear, unless each National Institution is kept closely anchored to the original chart which marks out its distinctive features as a purely agricultural, technical and industrial college.

A third source of anxiety is the general impatience of results characteristic of all Americans, in whatever scheme or enterprise they engage. It is quite noticable that people generally, and especially legislators who have the expenditure of public moneys, get impatient over what they call the slow and unsatisfactory results which these colleges show; forgetting that it is but a very few years since they were established, that they have had to start with nothing, that they have graduated but few classes, and that fifty years even, is but a short period in the life of a college or an institution. What, then, can be expected in a dozen; more than in that time, a college has *begun* to get fairly started?

All education is costly, and the great results which have left their impress on the history of the world have come about slowly, and only after great efforts and generally large expenditures. So we need to exercise patience when looking about for the results of expenditures on these new colleges. The classes that have been graduated have gone out to missionary labor; they may not be heard from suddenly, but they are at work and the grand results they are sure to bring about will come in due time. Only let us not become impatient; let us stand manfully by these new colleges, aid their progress, watch their workings, and so far as we have influence let it be used in trying to keep them on the right track: that of original research and investigation into those scientific principles on which an enlightened agriculture and an intelligent industry rests, and the application of those principles to the furtherance, the improvement and the more profitable prosecution of the great art of farming, and her sister industrial arts of whatever name or nature.

Progress Backwards.

So far as the agriculture of Maine is concerned just now, we believe what is needed for its true advancement and the real prosperity of farmers, is a return to some of the old ways, or the taking of a few backward steps. To be sure we do not advocate a return to all the primitive ways of earlier times, nor to "advancing backwards" in any matter affecting the good of our State or any of its industries. But we doubt if many of the farm customs and practices of our forefathers can be improved upon, even in this age of "new fangled notions," and believe if they had not been so fully abandoned, more lasting prosperity would have resulted. The fertile lands of the West and cheap transportation, have made many a Maine farmer shiftless, because if he could scrape together money enough by keeping a few hens, peddling a little, and getting out a few hoop-poles, to purchase flour for his family and corn for his cows, he has been contented to do so rather than exert himself to do anything towards growing these very crops. Then to get along without the labor of making a compost heap and attending to the home resources of fertilization, he has completed his shiftless course by selling hay with which to purchase some kind of concentrated or patented fertilizers, and thought he was farming after the most approved style!

We have had too many of just this kind of farmers in Maine to improve much in the past, and if a change back to a few healthy customs could only be inaugurated, it would not be many years before better times would dawn upon the farmer's barn-yard and granery. A dependence upon the home sources of fertility, the barn-yard, stable, hog-pen, compost heap, muck-bed, ash-barrel, &c., would give better satisfaction than any amount of money put into concentrated fertilizers which may or may not be good, but which in most cases will bring disappointment. The top-dressing of grass lands, the growing and feeding out of hay, and the raising of oxen, steers, cows and sheep, *right straight along*, year after year, has never yet, when judiciously followed, "gone back" on any body. The growing of wheat and corn, of beans, peas and apples, has ever been found remunerative. In short, a general system of mixed husbandry, pertaining to the stock raising as well as the grain growing departments of the farm, has, for the generality of Maine farmers, been the safest course. And generally the same plan will remain the safest for years to come. We say generally because there are localities in the State where special branches may often be pursued to better advantage, and where these conditions exist parties will no doubt step in and improve them. The course is one, also, which will bear some urging, and is one to which we have invited attention in the past. But for farmers situated in regard to transportation, markets and other circumstances, as most of our farmers are, the system for Maine is, after all, the mixed system. Have any of our readers ever known farmers who have stuck to steers, and sheep, and cows, and hogs, and wheat, and grass, who have failed? We have not. Have they not been independent, contented, free from debt, and positive, social and moral forces in the community? Verily yea. This having been the record of the past, why not rely upon and extend it over the future, somewhat? Why may not every farmer raise his thirty bushels of wheat yearly, his fifty bushels of corn, his thirty tons of hay? Why may not he keep a yoke or two of oxen or steers, a healthy flock of sheep, some pigs and some choice cows? Instead of this what is too often the picture? No wheat, but little corn, a few tons of hay, no steers, no sheep, six colts, a cow, etc.! Is it not so? And who wonders at the low state of farming in Maine? What will bring about a return to the good old fashions? Just this: do not be afraid to work at the compost heap, in the muck-bed, by the roadsides, hauling ashes, doing anything to add to the stores of manures. Don't sell so much hay, but feed it out to cows, sheep and young stock on the farm. This will give you an abundance of good dressing. Don't be afraid to sow wheat and plant a good field of corn every year; use the horse hoe and cultivator at all work where practicable; raise your own grass seed, and so far as possible keep independent. Rely upon it, this plan will work to the advantage of every farmer who will give it a faithful trial.

Editorial Notes.

All our readers will, we are sure, unite with us in again welcoming to our columns, after too long a silence, our esteemed correspondent, "Farley." He writes with his usual vigor and clearness on a most vital subject, and no one can read his valuable article without being benefitted. We hope to hear from him again and often.

Our old-time friend and correspondent Maj. Seward Dill of Phillips, has left our State to spend the winter with friends in California. He intends to be absent about one year, and we wish him a pleasant sojourn in that land of golden climate and golden crops. He will correspond frequently for our columns.

In our next issue we shall probably commence the publication of the report of the proceedings of the Farmers' Convention at Fryeburg, which takes place this week. The meeting promises to be one of much interest.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

"What shall we do with Maine?"

I shall not attempt to answer the question, but will contribute a few thoughts suggested by your inquiry. Our State includes a vast territory, and men form opinions based upon surrounding influences, so you must not be surprised if your friends differ in their conclusions.

Not Neglected by the Almighty.

Maine, although located in the north-east corner of the country, where snows are deep in winter, and frosts come early in the autumn, has not been neglected by the Almighty, as many suppose. Her surface is uneven and rocky, but the soil is productive, her manufacturing and mineral resources abundant, and her harbors the boast of those who sail upon the "mighty waters." She produces statesmen, peers of any in the Nation; scholars who rank among the first; judges and advocates, whose opinions and arguments are esteemed among the soundest and ablest minds; business men whose capacity and honesty are respected the world over. Any State with such a record, has much to be proud of, and more to look back upon, than many others her superiors in wealth and population. With slate, iron and granite quarries not yet developed; millions of timber where the woodman's axe has not been heard; cities along her coast capable of furnishing, and prepared to scatter products, such as are in demand, wherever civilization has a foot-hold—Maine is to-day of no small importance, and by what she has done in adversity, has made evident what she may do, with more to assist and encourage.

Grumblers and Workers.

Such attractions as are in the West, and cities, not so far distant, have taken away too many young men, many of whom would gladly exchange places with those who remained at home. But we will not rejoice over their misfortune, while we hope they will return, and assist in lifting some of our neglected interests out of the old ruts, and placing them upon a foundation so solid and secure that nothing can ever check their advancement. Grumblers, people with no stability or fixed purposes are in every community, and generally belong to a class who do little for themselves, and make no great void when they emigrate. While they are idling and complaining, those who are diligent in business, and contented with their lot, are steadily gaining in wealth and position. He who is doing his *best*, according to the capacity given him, and makes both head and hands available, will overcome many obstacles, and hew a pathway, even where winters are long and severe.

The Agricultural Capabilities of Maine.

First, and above all, we should develop our agricultural resources. We cannot accomplish this with the hoe and plow only, but it will require study, information, and thought, in connection with labor. Many of our best acres are without settlers, and a majority of the best farms are either badly managed by poor farmers, or not half tilled by men who have the ability, but lack the ambition to do more. Let us then, stop agitating the subject of more railroads, cease looking upon the cotton mill and shoe-shops as our greatest blessings, and make up our minds at once, that somebody must assist the fathers in working our farms, must put their hand to the plow with a determination to infuse new life into an occupation, at present, too much neglected.

I believe in Maine as an agricultural state, and regret that this department of industry, has, in many towns, been almost abandoned, when it is really the corner stone for this generation to build upon. It is useless to argue that farming does not pay, where proof to the contrary is on all sides. We cannot open our eyes and look in any direction, without becoming convinced, that the man who intelligently cultivates his land, who manages his farm upon the same principles that the successful merchant carries on his business, is making it pay. His clean fields, with fences erect, his comfortable and well arranged buildings, and his happy family, are sufficient evidence of prosperity. This is no fancy picture, but a living truth, demonstrated by the independence of the thriving farmers, residents of every town, where any attention is given to farming. It is difficult to find any calling that will support us, when neglected six months in the year. But our dissatisfied farmers, most of them, seem to think their business ought to do it. I say *dissatisfied* farmers, because those who prosper know better, and by acting upon a level with their intelligence, have got beyond the conviction that farming is not remunerative. Consuming out of all proportion to what is produced, keeps a large number of farmers poor. He who does not create beyond what he destroys, will find himself running on a down grade where sooner or later there must be a "smash up." A majority of our farmers are, however, growing wiser, as every year gives them better advantages. Still there is one thing which does not receive sufficient consideration, and it is this. Labor conquers. It is the great leader upon which all, who hope for prosperity, must rely. Indolence and fault-finding are spies sent out by the enemy, and not to be trusted. They are looking around every neighborhood, deceiving young men, and unfitting them for usefulness, and those who listen to their teachings, or yield to their entreaties, will at no distant day find themselves cheated and betrayed.

The True Farmer a Master, not a Slave.

Our farmers are much better off than they realize. The average are as free from debt, all things considered, as other business men, while there is a freedom connected with their vocation, which should make them proud of their manhood. Too many belittle themselves with the old notion that they are not the equals, not so respectable, as those in villages, who have more wealth, and perform less labor. This is a great mistake, but the idea has been handed down from former generations, and still bears fruit, in certain sections. The man who raises his stock, for use and for profit, who attracts buyers for his products, which by their superiority and abundance call them to his own door, is no slave, but a master. Legislators did not bring this about, but God made it a law when the world was created. My theory is, that Maine, with a higher standard of education among the masses, and more *hard work* among the farming population, can

Take Care of Herself!

Do not translate the expression, "hard work," as intended to convey the idea that it is necessary for all who are tillers of the soil to give themselves no rest from the monotonous routine of manual labor. If there is any business where the head is a "big thing" this is the one. Properties of the soil, the adaptation of seed to the boundaries that are expected to yield, the time to sow and the time to reap, the value of stimulating fertilizers, and the rearing and management of stock, are subjects so intimately connected with successful farming, that "he who by the plow would thrive" can always find something to engage his attention. The day for traditional farming has past. Having a little patch of corn here, and a few potatoes there; gathering a few tons of hay upon a surface broad enough to produce ten times as much; milking cows that do not pay for what they eat; raising colts and cattle that are out of fashion and not wanted; all these are what call up the inquiry, "What shall we do with Maine?" The man who follows in the above footsteps, is an illustration of what we ought not to do, and he generally has enough of the wrong kind of work to do. Agriculture then ought to find favor with the reading and thinking portion of our citizens. Those who study and work at the same time are the men to stir up a rebellion against old notions and practices. If we all do the best we can in this direction, and make our endeavor worthy of the result we anticipate, we shall not only raise our own personal standard, but add millions to the valuation of our State.

The general principles of practical farming are not understood by a majority who till the soil. But the printing press, schools, and the "fancy farmers" are rapidly scattering the information needed, and teaching young men that independence is wealth, and that the farm contains the necessary elements for both.

Plans for the Future.

It is the duty of every farmer who considers what Maine ought to be, to make up his mind that this coming winter shall not be squandered, but by consultation with those who have done better than ourselves, reviewing past mistakes and proper study, it shall be made the means of stimulating us to doing more, and doing it better another season, than we have ever done before. If all who are dependent upon farming, would start upon the year eighteen seventy-seven, fully determined that what little of the State *they own* shall do its part towards answering your inquiry. Maine will soon have reason to be proud of herself and her people. FARLEY.

For the Maine Farmer.

North Waldo Agricultural Exhibition.

The North Waldo Ag'l Society held its annual fair at Unity, Oct. 13 and 14. Most of the departments were well filled, and the show of neat stock was especially fine. The oxen and steers exhibited may well be the boast of Northern Waldo. The principal contributors to this class were Joseph Farwell, G. B. Pillsbury, N. A. Cates, J. M. Thompson, E. F. Thompson, N. W. Vickery and G. W. Clark, Unity; P. W. Ayer and C. E. Smith, Freedom; W. H. Coffin, S. Coffin, J. Gordon and S. A. Bumps, Thorndike. Mr. Harding, Thorndike, presented a pair of trained two year old steers, which girth 6 ft. 6 in., and are fine animals. G. B. Pillsbury's, three year olds measure 7 ft. 4 in., are well matched and handsome. P. W. Ayer exhibited his herd of Thoroughbred and grade Shorthorns, some of which are well known at our State Fair as 1st prize animals. Mr. Ayer has lately adopted the system of "in and in" breeding, the results of which are satisfactory in every particular. J. B. Vickery presented a yearling bull, nearly full blood Shorthorn, which deserves special mention. Phillip Scribner presented several Jerseys, the only ones on the ground. R. P. Rich, Thorndike, shew a grade Shorthorn and Hereford calf that attracted a large share of attention. Many good judges pronounced it one of the best they ever saw. Oliver Whitten matched it with one nearly as good.

Of sheep the show was small. S. W. Webb exhibited a full blood Southdown ram and six ewe lambs, which were awarded first premiums. J. M. Thompson shew some good sheep and lambs.

The show of horses was good. The first prize for stock horses was awarded Levi Rich of Jackson; the second was awarded G. B. Pillsbury. Mr. Pillsbury was also awarded first prize for breeding mare and colt. R. Cornforth exhibited a mare and several of her colts, all good animals. The best three year old colt on the grounds was Frank Mussey's stallion, by Sultan. This colt took the first prize at the State Fair in 1874, and is in every way a first class horse. E. Stone, Troy, was awarded first premium for two year old colts.

The show in the Hall was not very large, but the quality of the articles exhibited made it attractive. B. B. Stevens and T. B. Cook, contributed to the show of field and garden products. Oliver Libby and N. A. Cates, presented fine specimens of 12 rowed corn. Ed. Rand, E. M. Barker, C. E. Smith and H. B. Hause, made a very attractive show of apples. Mrs. B. G. Furgerson was awarded the first premium on butter, and Mrs. C. P. Hutchings the second. Mrs. E. M. Barker, Mrs. J. Gordon, Mrs. R. Cornforth, Mrs. R. W. Hause, Miss Lizzie Hause, and Miss E. D. Raines, were among the principal exhibitors of quilts, cloth, rugs, mittens, yarn, carpets, &c., of which the display was very creditable. No cider and no gambling were allowed upon the grounds. All united in pronouncing the fair a success, and in determining to make it so in the future. W.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Old Kennebec Fair.

Report of the Closing Days.

The second day of the Kennebec county show and fair was devoted mostly to the display of horses and colts, at which many good horses were shown. Among the most prominent were the fine stallion of John Young of Winthrop, which is probably the best 4 years old stallion in the State. Geo. A. Russell of Readfield also shew a very handsome stallion 4 years old, and it would be a difficult task for good judges to decide which of these two horses displayed the finest points. J. E. Denton of Readfield, also presented a very fine 4 years old stallion, than which there are few better. The entries of brood mares and colts of all ages were numerous, and some excellent blood could be easily distinguished in many of those presented; and many of the colts promise to become fine horses. Mr. G. F. Gile showed a fine brood mare of Messenger and Black Hawk blood, with foal 9 weeks old by her side. The sire of the colt was a fine 4 years old Cadmus colt, which was sold by Mr. Gile to parties in Vermont for $1000, and this little colt, although passed unnoticed by the committee—except the chairman, who said he was entitled to the first premium—was without doubt the finest colt exhibited. Prof. Magner said he was the "best colt he ever saw." Hon. Anson P. Morrill said he "saw no chance for improvement." In fact, he was admired by hundreds of horse men. Smith Newton of Mt. Vernon, also presented a very promising colt one year old. I have not time to mention all, but many other fine horses and colts were shown which I would like to speak of, but cannot.

The third day was devoted to the address and trials of speed. The address was by Rev. C. C. Mason, and was pronounced one of the best. The reports of committees was given at this time, and much dissatisfaction was expressed with the decisions which they had reached. Many say the committee in some cases shew great partiality.

The trials of speed were as follows: First race won by Packard's "Monarch" of Winthrop; time, 3 minutes. Second premium to Currier horse of Mt. Vernon. T. M. Weston of Winthrop, had a very promising 4 years old mare in this race. The Sweepstakes race was won by Copperbottom, owned by N. Hutchins of Chesterville; time, 2.50; 3d premium to J. G. Morrill, owned by J. Young, Winthrop. 3d premium to No Name, owned by C. E. Smith, Winthrop. The contest for premiums in Society's Purse was won by J. D. Packard's Monarch. In another race the same day, (second) the winner was the Tibbetts Horse, Belgrade.

The Mt. Vernon Band, lead by Prof. D. M. Teague, enlivened the occasion with fine music, and deservedly gained the reputation of being one of the finest bands in the State. The exhibition, although somewhat injured by the unfavorable weather, on the whole proved a success pecuniarily and in all points of display. H. C. PACKARD.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Fencing of Fields.

I believe a large proportion of the farms of Maine would pay a great deal better if the owners of them would invest from $500 to $1,000 in fences. Let the fields be divided into lots of about five acres each; then make it a rule to cultivate the whole lot enclosed when you commence on it, and not have a piece of potatoes in one field, a piece of corn in another, and so on; but have the several crops all in the same field. Then if the pastures are short in the fall, the cattle may be let into the field that is to be plowed next, and kept off the stubble, where they are sure to go if the stubble is not enclosed. The fences will also prevent the snow from blowing off in winter, and so protect the grass roots. I cannot endorse the articles I have seen in your columns recommending the discontinuing of farm fences.

Newport. C. S. BOYD.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Contribution to Maine Horse History.

The Pedigree of Flying Eaton.

The FARMER of July 27th last, contained an article from a writer who expressed a desire for information concerning the origin of the aboved named horse.

While at Phillips a short time since, I had occasion to call upon Mr. John Toothaker, to make inquiries concerning the blood of another horse whose pedigree I wished to ascertain. Mr. T. has long been much interested in the horse stock of that section, has kept several stallions during the last 35 years, and is probably as well informed concerning the breeding of the horses raised in his locality during this time as any man in that part of the country. During our conversation, mention was made of Flying Eaton, which was foaled and spent several years of his life in Phillips, and was well known by Mr. Toothaker, when following his dam. Upon being asked if he thought Flying Eaton was one of Old Eaton's colts, Mr. T. replied that he was positive there never was a drop of Old Eaton's blood in him; that on the contrary, he was sired by a small handsome Morgan stallion, owned all the time by Mr. Almon Brown, (deceased) then of Wilton, Maine. Mr. Brown, was at Phillips the summer that Flying Eaton followed the mare and stated to Mr. Toothaker, at that time that the colt was sired by the above mentioned horse. Mr. T. also said that a few years since parties in Portland, learning that there was a doubt about Flying Eaton's having been sired by the Old Eaton horse, sent a man to ascertain from him, what he knew of his breeding. Mr. T., referred him to Mr. Brown, who was then living. This man after visiting Mr. Brown, assured Mr. Toothaker, that he was convinced that the Brown horse, and not Old Eaton, was the sire of Flying Eaton.

Mr. John Hoyt, of Phillips, distinctly remembers being at the village and seeing the dam of Flying Eaton when she was first brought to that place, which he says was in the fall of the year, he thinks sometime during the month of October. She was driven at the time by Mr. Hiram Church, who brought her to that place. He had one of a man named Blossom, who kept a public house at that time, between Readfield and Augusta, and told Mr. Church, that he had her of some drovers. Mr. Hoyt describes her as a small gray mare, a smart traveller which raised her feet very high when trotting. Mr. Church, soon let a Mr. Whittemore, of Phillips, have her, and the following season she brought a colt which was afterward called Flying Eaton. Mr. Whittemore, sold the colt to Joshua Parker, of Phillips, and not to Mr. Dana Goff, as your correspondent was informed. Mr. Parker, kept him until 3 years old and sold him to Mr. James Towle, also of Phillips, by whom he was kept several years, after which he was kept a number of years by Mr. Geo. Collins, of Kingfield, before coming into Mr. Goff's possession. These facts are well known to many of your readers in Phillips and Kingfield, and the horse must have been in his teens at the time Mr. Goff bought him.

Having occasion lately to write to Mr. Horatio G. Eaton, of Farmington, an experienced horseman, and brother of the late Eliab Eaton, owner of the Old Eaton horse, so called; and thinking that his brother's books might be accessible to him, I asked him if they were in existence and if he could learn from them whether his brother ever charged and received pay for the services of his horse as the sire of Flying Eaton. From his reply I make the following extract which is all that it contains pertaining to this horse, and is as follows, viz: "Some fifteen years ago, my brother gave me to understand that he could not remember of ever having a bill against, or receiving pay for the said Flying Eaton. But another reason more satisfactory to me that he was not sired by the Old Eaton is that his stock does not resemble the Eaton stock. They are a different class of horses. When we see a Flying Eaton colt, or horse, that looks like the Old Eaton stock, it is out of a mare that has Eaton blood in her." This is from a man who has always been interested in horses, and who knew the characteristics of both Old and Flying Eaton, also their descendants as well as any one.

Now in view of these statements coming as they do from disinterested, well informed, and trustworthy parties, it is difficult to see how Mr. Thompson, in his excellent work on "Maine Bred Horses," which no man interested in Maine horses can afford to be without, could do otherwise than say as he did, that Flying Eaton was "said to be by Old Eaton although this is denied by many."

Flying Eaton was an excellent horse, and his descendants as a class were small sized, well formed, active, hardy animals free drivers and good roadsters, while some were fast; just such animals in fact as an intelligent breeder would expect from a horse whose sire was a small hardy Morgan, and whose dam was also a smart Morgan mare.

Boston Mass. S. W. PARLIN.

For the Maine Farmer.

Denmark Town Fair.

Denmark held her town fair and cattle show Thursday, Oct. 19th, and the day was propitious. The weather had been very cold and blustering for several days, but Thursday was one of the most enjoyable days of the season, and hundreds came early to see and study what all expected would be a good show; nor were they disappointed. Every thing was in its place by ten o'clock, and the drawing match was pronounced first class; with no abuse of cattle, and no profanity, and the cattle showed thorough training. The town fair was made up of 35 yoke of splendid oxen, and 22 pairs of steers, all in fine condition, notwithstanding the severe drought this season. Horses and colts were well represented, and the stock of all kinds showed a marked improvement in character.

Sheep, poultry, &c., were first class, while the large Town Hall was well filled with the products of the various departments. Fruit, in spite of army worms, was well represented and so tempting, that few exhibitors had any to carry home.

Home made fabrics, needle work and works of art, told plainly that the women of the present day know a thing or two about household economy, and best of all, practice it. Garden products have improved very much in this town within a few years. From the well directed efforts of a few, many have followed, until a good garden is not the exception, and still there is room for improvement; and farmers by holding fairs and comparing products and methods can learn much in a single day, some things that it would take years otherwise to learn, and then perhaps not be acquired. While socially, it knocks the rust away, and makes us feel brighter and better, and shows us that we must be wide awake if we would keep our places with others in progress and enlightened humanity. C. B. SMITH.

Denmark.

For the Maine Farmer.

Queries about Milk Production.

My opinion is, that we make a grand mistake when we think we have done all that is required of us, after we have given our cows their three meals of hay per day. I cannot say from experience how profitable it is to "meal" them, but no doubt it is more profitable than we allow. From the talk of the proprietor of the "Hillside Farm," I judge he is just the man to answer some queries which will I think interest many. How much meal or bran will it take to make a gallon of milk? Is sweet corn fodder so valuable a fodder for milch cows, in August and September, as to pay for the labor of its cultivation even in seasons when the pastures are good? At the present prices of butter, milk is worth but 1 1-2 cents a quart. Allowing 12 quarts of milk to make a pound of butter, it will take fifty quarts of milk to pay for a bushel of corn, at 75 cents a bushel. This is allowing 7 cents a pound for making butter, and 25 cents a pound for it in the market. But admitting even that the sour milk will pay for the labor, and call your milk 2 cents a quart, even then it takes 37 1-2 quarts to buy a bushel of corn. Now Mr. Foster give us your figures, and let us see if it does pay and how much.

Freedom. QUERCUS ALBA.

For the Maine Farmer.

Monmouth Town Fair.

The Monmouth Farmer's Club held their annual fair and show on Thursday, the 12th of Oct., under favorable auspices. The day was fair, cool and bracing, consequently the attendance was larger than usual. The neighboring towns of Winthrop, Litchfield, Wales and Leeds were well represented, and all were in fine spirits. The Monmouth band discoursed fine music, which made every one feel in good spirits, and was a rational substitute for alcoholic liquors; which to the great honor and credit of the good people of Monmouth, was not called for in any of its forms.

A much better interest was manifest than at former exhibitions. The quality and size in every department of farm and garden was observable and marked. A large amount of farm stock was on exhibition. The average girth of 48 pairs of oxen was 7ft; and steers from 1 to 3 years old were good, well matched and well formed. Some large Jersey calves were on exhibition. At the hall, the show of fruit was never better. The apples and pears were large, fair and beautiful, and showed good culture; also that the farmers of Monmouth are learning that they can increase the size of their fruit from 2 to 3 per cent, also double its market value by annually supplying their fruit trees with all their necessary elements of growth. The farm products were truly splendid. The traces of golden corn, fine potatoes, big beets and turnips, pumpkins, squashes, and many varieties of apples, pears and grapes, all go to show that the farmers of Monmouth are getting out of the old ruts. The show of butter and cheese was good, the latter being large and handsome. Nice specimens of box honey in the comb, were on exhibition, clear and white, also a good variety of preserves and canned fruit. The exhibit of quilts and rugs, also needle and worsted work, drawing and painting in the ladies' department was very creditable, showing the good taste and handiwork of the ladies' of Monmouth. Mr. Emerson, a young man, exhibited a wooden clock, made wholly by himself, an eight day timer, giving days of month, phases of moon, &c. There was also quite a display of centennials, consisting of specimens of old crockery, a spoon mould, showing how our fathers used to make their pewter spoons, a shirt fifty years old with a collar wide enough to cover the ears, also a variety of other articles, among which was an old Roman spear or dagger, a thousand years old or more. A SMITH.

Monmouth.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Central Maine Poultry Association.

At a meeting of the Poultry fanciers of Kennebec and Somerset counties, held at the Fairfield House Monday, Oct. 23, the "Central Maine Poultry Association" was organized with the following officers: Dr. G. M. Twitchell, Fairfield, Pres.; F. E. McFadden, Fairfield, Sec'y; F. H. Foss, Fairfield, Treasurer; Dr. H. Leavitt, Skowhegan, Gen. W. S. Tilton, Togus, Simeon Merrill, Fairfield, G. H. Flagg, Skowhegan, E. A. Penney, W. Waterville, J. A. Ciley, Fairfield, H. G. Abbott, Vassalboro', W. H. Emery, Fairfield, P. S. Heald, Waterville, H. C. Buvleigh, Fairfield, Vice Presidents; Dr. G. M. Twitchell, Fairfield, A. L. McFadden, Waterville, E. F. Tukey, Fairfield, C. D. Miller, Skowhegan, O. W. Lawry and E. R. Mayo, Fairfield, Directors. The organization is perfected in order that the interest already awakened may be sustained and strengthened; and further that if proper indications are held out a show may be held at some central point during the coming winter. " "

Fairfield.

Poultry Exhibition at Fairfield.

At an adjourned meeting of the Central Maine Poultry Association at Fairfield, Thursday, Oct. 26th, it was voted to hold an exhibition Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 19th, 20th and 21st, at Andrews Hall, Fairfield. There are at Fairfield fifteen or more breeders all interested, and who will exhibit twenty-five or more leading varieties. This with the interest there manifested and the special premiums offered, has decided the society to hold its first exhibition at that place.

Over a thousand dollars will be offered in premiums, and besides that exhibitors will have an opportunity to compete for the $20 and $30 combination premiums on all varieties. The premium list with the full list of specials, will be in readiness for distribution by Nov. 6th, and can be had by writing to F. E. McFaden, Sec'y, Fairfield, Me. Arrangements will be made with the Railroad for reduction of fares, and with Express Companies for return of stock, due notice of which will be given. PER ORDER.

Good Yield of Potatoes.

Last spring Mr. W. Small, one of my neighbors, and myself, sent to Mr. J. J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, Mass., for a pound of a new variety of potatoes called Burbank Seedling. There were but four, and from my two I cut twenty-six eyes and planted them in drills with my other potatoes, one foot apart, with no extra manure or care. I hoed them twice and harvested fifty-three pounds. Mr. Small had thirty-three eyes and harvested forty-five pounds.

JOHN KITCHING.

Lawrence Station, Charlotte Co., N. B.

Turner Town Exhibition.

The Turner town show and fair was held at the "Center" on Thursday, Oct. 19th. The day was lovely, the show of stock large and of good quality. The town house was filled with the products of the fields, gardens, looms and needles. The show of corn was very fine. The championship at the stone drag was warmly contested by three pairs of heavy cattle owned by S. D. Fish, M. F. Bumpus and Mr. Bearce. They all did so well handling the 7000 lb. load (estimated) that I will leave the committee to say which pair did best. A. S. A.

Turner, Oct. 21st.

Farm News, Notes and Queries.

I have a cow that calved the last of last March, that has given bloody milk out of one teat most of the time since. I have treated her for garget, but she gets no better. Will not some one tell me what to do for her. I also have a cow lame in one hind leg, and she does not put it to the ground much of the time when walking, as she cannot seem to bring it forward. She grows poor on good food. C. S.

New Sharon.

I would like to ask W. O. Dike if he prefers the "improved" Southdown to the Oxford down; and if so why? Where can one obtain the "improved" Southdowns?

Freedom. QUERCUS ALBA.

The mammoth steers of Oxford county, are owned by Mr. Hiram Jackson, of Paris. They are four years old, fat and smooth, (never having been yoked) and girth about 8 1-2 ft. Mr. J. thinks they will do for somebody to eat about Christmas.

Mr. Benj. Dudley of Hebron, has a pair of grade Durham steers less than six months old, nicely matched, that measure 4 ft. 6 inches, and are probably worth about fifty dollars as low as stock is. Does it pay to raise *good stock*?

For the Maine Farmer.

Register of Maine Horses.

Name Claimed.

FRANK GOULD, for my bay gelding, black points; foaled July 3, 1871; got by Waldo Chief, by Gen. Knox; dam by Dirigo, by Old Drew g. d., by Michell Horse; dam of Waldo Chief, the Thos. McCluer mare. The dam of Frank Gould is own sister to "Bully Brooks." C. BUTMAN.

Plymouth.

Woman's Department.

Mother.

Not one word of human diction,
Is more eloquently dear,
Than that word, in every household,
So familiar to the ear.
'Tis a title taught to angels,
As they journey to and fro,
To express a tie of kindred,
Heaven hallowed here below.

Often hath my spirit striven,
Since its earthsome task begun,
To receive its child emotions,
In the bosom of the man;
But life's cold, unfriendly shadows
Seemed to chill the old delight,
Till thy mother's voice awoke them,
As in boyhood's morning bright.

As I gaze along the vista,
Of the ceaseless march of years,
I behold her love-light beaming,
Through each day of joy and fears;
And when yet I am the saddest,
Tones of hers can soothe the pain,
Gentle mother, dear and patient,
May thy influence long remain!

Mates of thine are growing aged,
But thou art not old to me;
Every winsome charm reclaimeth,
That I knew in infancy;
Airy shapes that sometimes hover,
Round my pillow while I rest,
But thy features, darling mother,
And my sleep is fully blest.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

For the Woman's Department.

Farmers Wives.

We read considerable about the monotony, routine, and hard work of farmers wives. It is doubtless all true, but I cannot see why their lot is so much worse than that of mechanic's or tradesmen's wives. Working is not the worst lot of a man or woman's life by any means. The monotony is easily broken by a little tact and ingenuity, and living on a farm is made as varied and intelligent as town life. The number who cannot contrive to supply themselves with reading matter, in this day of cheap press productions are very small. Reading is fuel, and if one can talk fluently and well he or she cannot help writing well. Writing makes us observant, good listeners and the numerous unnoticed items of life, hitherto disregarded, suddenly become objects of special interest. The routine of housework in town or country homes is similar, the difference being generally in amount; and in either case if the family are well, leisure can be had for improvement if we are really in earnest in obtaining it.

It is a truth of long standing that we can obtain what we want if we try. And I do not believe our minds crave what we have not the ability to possess. Otherwise, it would seem like Omniscient injustice. There are a good many minutes when we might read or write a few lines if materials were handy, so that time would not be wasted looking after a book or paper, or arranging writing materials, hence my advocacy of having things lying around in a disorderly sort of a way. I know a lady who writes very creditably, and never makes a business speciality of it, but writes as she thinks out the perplexing subject, during the little intervals of house work that occurs in every home. Her friends wonder at it very much, but it is no wonder to her, or in any way a remarkable result.

Yes, farmer's wives do work hard, some are overworked and die early in consequence; so do the wives of others than farmers. This is no surety that they are the only class of overworked women. But there is one thing certain. We say it is 'hard times' and to some, I do not doubt it. The mechanic who has used his daily wages, up to the advent of hard times and who is seeking work to support his family; and thousands of others similarly situated are evidences of it. But the farmer and his wife, where are they? At home surrounded with the products of their industry, plenty of leisure to read and store their minds with facts to draw upon when the work begins, and less leisure affords less opportunity to study. I am not a farmer, but I know what farm work is, and shall defend it to the extent of my ability. A first class farmer and his wife, are people of a better calibre than any trade or profession, the requirements are so varied and extensive. They must understand the soil, the rocks, the land inclination, the trees, the clouds, the wind, markets at home and abroad, and please tell me what they *need not know*, and understand them thoroughly? Does any other means to a living require so much? If so I fail to see it. The farmer is king, his wife queen, and his children heirs to an inheritance that ante-dates the flood.

M. E. J.

For the Woman's Department.

Handy Men.

Next to a good mousing cat, a faithful watch-dog, and a good

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, November 4, 1876.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE, OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Postage Free to all Subscribers.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and Oxford county.

MR. J. P. CLARK will call upon subscribers in Piscataquis county during the month of November.

Mr. S. N. TABER will call upon our Subscribers in Washington Co., during the months of October and November.

Latest Arctic Discoveries.

News comes by cable from London, of the arrival on Friday at Valencia, of the ship Alert, which, with the Discovery was fitted out by the British Government, and a year ago last spring, sailed on a voyage of discovery towards the North pole. The Alert parted company with the Discovery in the Atlantic Ocean, and the latter vessel will doubtless be heard from in a few days. The report forwarded to the admiralty by Captain Nares of the Alert, is important and is of such a character as probably to put an end to further efforts at discovery in that direction. This was one of the best equipped expeditions that has ever been sent out by any Government, and the officers had had much previous experience in Arctic explorations. The result therefore has been looked for with much interest, not only in Europe but in this country.

The Alert and Discovery left Port Foulke on the 29th of July, 1875, and first encountered ice off Cape Sable. After a severe struggle they succeeded in reaching the north side of Lady Franklin Bay where the Discovery was left for winter quarters. The Alert then pushed on and reached the extreme limit of navigation on the shore of the Polar Sea, and wintered in latitude 82.27. The sun at this point was invisible for the space of one hundred and forty-two days, and the temperature was the lowest ever before recorded. Two detachments with sledges were dispatched northward, which were absent more than seventy days, and reached latitude 83.20 or within 400 miles of the pole. This was the highest latitude ever before reached. Another party rounded Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of America, and traveled two hundred and twenty miles westward from Greenland. The sledge parties found no signs either of animal or vegetable life; in fact nothing but vast fields of ice met their gaze in every direction. The men suffered from scurvy from want of fresh provisions, and were obliged to hasten their return to the ship. Four men died on the sledging expedition, one from frost bite and three from other causes.

The Discovery wintered in a well sheltered harbor on the west side of Hall's Basin, and a few miles north of the Polaris Bay. The Alert rounded the northeast point of Grant's Land, but instead of finding, as was expected, a continuous coast stretching for miles toward the north, she found herself on the border of a sea with impenetrable ice on every side, and no harbor. The existence therefore, so long believed in, of an open Polar Sea, is thus emphatically disproved. The Alert went as far north as it is possible for a ship to go, and the passage to the pole by sledges was found to be entirely impracticable. The floating masses of thick polar ice had in meeting, pressed up quantities of intermediate ice into blocks, sometimes a mile in diameter, and from ten to fifteen feet high. Before starting with the sledges the party was obliged to make a road with pick-axes, nearly half the distance. As it was always necessary to drag the sledges by installments, the party actually traveled nearly three hundred miles, although making but seventy-three miles towards the pole.

The lowest temperature during the winter was seventy-two degrees below zero. For two weeks the mercury was steadily at fifty-nine below. During the winter rich collections in natural history were made, and many observations valuable to science, were taken and recorded. The main results of the expedition may be briefly summed up as follows: There is no open Polar Sea. The sea is there, but is never navigable, on account of ice with which it is constantly covered in depth from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. Animal life and the northerly migration of birds end south of Cape Columbia. Esquimaux traces cease in latitude 81. 52, whence they cross to Greenland. The idea of a northwest passage was shown to be illusive, and the impracticability of reaching the North pole, clearly demonstrated.

The minor incidents of the expedition are thus stated: A memorial tablet with suitable inscription was erected to Capt. Hall, of the Polaris expedition in Polaris Bay. All the cairns erected by the Polaris expedition were visited at the boat depot in Newman's Bay. A chronometer was found in perfect order. The wheat left by the Polaris expedition was found and successfully grown on board the ships. Lady Franklin Straits is in fact a Bay. President land does not exist save in the imagination of him who mistook a huge pile of ice for *terra firma*.

There seems to be nothing more to be done in the way of discoveries in the Polar seas. Already large sums have been expended and many valuable lives lost in trying to solve the mysteries which surround the North pole, and with no adequate benefits either to commerce or science. The first expeditions had for their leading object the discovery of a shorter passage to India, but the fact was long ago demonstrated that if such an open sea as geographers located upon their maps, actually existed, its navigation was impracticable during most seasons of the year. Since that time Arctic expeditions have been fitted out more with a view to scientific observation, and of this we have had enough. Those daring spirits therefore, who have gained great renown for their heroism and energy, should either rest upon the laurels already gained, or direct their efforts to some more promising field of enterprise.

☞ The result of recent battles has placed Servia completely at the mercy of Turkey. Their army is driven from D'janis, the Servian soldiers hardly being able to crawl away and declaring that they can fight no longer. The greatest excitement prevails at Deligrad and along the line of their retreat.

A despatch from St. Petersburg dated Oct. 31, says the Russian Ambassador a. Constantinople, has been instructed to demand the Porte's acceptance within forty-eight hours, of the armistice and suspension of hostilities, otherwise diplomatic relations between Russia and Turkey will be broken off and Gen. Ignatieff with the whole personal of the embassy will leave Constantinople. A Constantinople despatch says that the Sultan has accepted the proposal of a six weeks' armistice, with the provision that it may be prolonged if necessary. It also provides that hostilities shall cease in Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Herzegovina.

☞ On Saturday, Edward S. Stokes who was sentenced to four years in the Sing Sing State Prison, for the murder of James Fisk, Jr., was set at liberty, his sentence having expired.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. Michael Smith who recently broke into Wood's store in the night, and who was sentenced to the State Prison for two years, left for that institution in charge of Warden Rice, Saturday. Britt his accomplice, sentenced for two years, still remains in the jail.——The Gardiner Reform Club played "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" at Granite Hall, Thursday evening, to a very thin house. There was merit in the performances, but the trouble was the show was not advertised.——The Little Wanderers had good audiences at the churches where they appeared Sunday. Mr. Toles, Superintendent of the Home, gave very interesting accounts of its objects and work.——The Capital Guards celebrated the seventh anniversary of their organization by target shooting Saturday afternoon, and a supper at the Cony House in the evening. Remarks were made by General's Boynton and Haynes, Geo. E. Weeks, O. D. Baker, and other battle-scarred veterans.——William Wing, Jr., a carpenter of this city, wounded his hand quite severely with an axe which he was using Saturday.——Rev. C. F. Penney has received a unanimous call to become the pastor of the Roger Williams Free Baptist church in Providence, R. I., and has the subject under consideration. It is a very flattering call and Mr. Penney may conclude to accept.——Murray Quinby a little son of Rev. Dr. Quinby, fell in the stable Wednesday, and was afterwards unconscious for several hours.——Mr. Hart the confectioner, has established a branch of his business in Lewiston.——Twenty persons left Augusta Tuesday for the Centennial. President Chamberlain of Bowdoin College, is to deliver an oration at the Centennial, Saturday. He was appointed Centennial orator by the Governor.——All the banks in Augusta have contributed to the fund for the benefit of the widow and child of the late J. L. Haywood, acting cashier of the National Bank of Northfield, Minn.——The farming operations at the Insane Hospital have been very successful the past season. All the crops planted have yielded abundantly.——The Universalists of Augusta are well represented into the State Sabbath School convention which began at Skowhegan, Wednesday.——Mr. Snow the Superintendent of burials, is doing a good work in pruning the trees in Mt. Vernon cemetery.——Miss Sarah E. Laughton has established a school of elocution in North's block, Water street.——The Coburn Cadets from Orono, passed through here Tuesday noon on their way to attend the session of the Board of Agriculture, at Fryeburg. They numbered 80 and were armed with breech-loading rifles.——Hon. W. J. Corthell the new Superintendent of common schools, was qualified Tuesday, and will at once enter upon his official duties.——J. H. Cochran, Esq., who has charge of Government work at Nashville, Tenn., is spending a few days at his home in this city.——The mercury on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday mornings was at 22. Since Wednesday morning the weather has been foggy and warm.

☞ On Tuesday next the people of the entire country will vote for electors of President and Vice President of the United States, and before the week is out the result will be pretty generally known on both sides of the Atlantic. The right which the American people are called upon to exercise on that day, is the most important of all those included in the bill of rights, viz: to select from their number the persons who are to rule over them during the next four years. There are two great parties in the field, and a third party which has but few adherents in this State. Of course it is not our business to advise which of the parties should be supported. The principles of each are well defined, and every man should vote as his judgment and conscience dictate, and then quietly and cheerfully submit to the result whatever that may be. We believe it is the duty of every man to vote one way or the other, for it is only by such means that the management of public affairs can be kept from demagogues and politicians, whose patriotism begins and ends with the means of appropriating public plunder.

The persons to be voted for electors in this State are as follows: Democratic: Joseph Titcomb, Charles W. Roberts, Bion Bradbury, Galen C. Moses, John C. Manson, Hastings Strickland and James R. Talbot. Republican: Wm. W. Thomas, Nathan A. Farwell, Sylvester Littlefield, I. Warren Merrill, Benj. D. Metcalf, J. W. Porter and Seth L. Milliken. The two first on each ticket are delegates at large; the others are elected by the several congressional districts.

STATE AFFAIRS. The Governor and Council held a brief session at the State House and adjourned Thursday to Nov. 14th. The petitioners for the pardon of Ivory Hayes, and M. L. Enwright, who are each serving out a six months sentence for keeping a liquor nuisance had leave to withdraw. The claim against the State, of the late Mark Trafton of Fort Fairfield, which was referred to the Council for settlement in 1874, was decided in favor of Trafton's heirs. John Downs of Number Ten, Washington county, who in 1865 was sentenced by Judge Kent to the State Prison for life for burglary, was pardoned on the recommendation of Judge Kent. Frank T. Dillon committed in Knox county in 1869 for ten years for arson was also pardoned. The first three days of the next session of the Council are to be devoted exclusively to counting votes for State and county officers.

The Council have authorized the Land Agent to sell by auction all islands belonging to the State, Nov. 21, at Rockland.

FATAL ACCIDENT. Henry Morrissey, of this city, employed in Lambard and Sturgis' Steam mill on the east side of the river, was engaged in piling timber Monday, and was standing on top of a large pile that had been recently sawed and placed on the wharf ready for shipment. He had been leaning forward to put a stick in its place, when as he assumed an upright position, by some means he lurched backward and fell. To save himself, in falling, he seized hold of a projecting stick, which caused the whole upper portion of the pile to fall upon him as he struck face foremost on the logs below, a distance of some thirty feet. He was taken out dead in a few minutes, and probably was killed instantly. He leaves a wife and seven young children. Less than a year ago, a little son of Mr. Morrissey was drowned near the same place where his father was killed.

☞ We mentioned the fact last week that the Continental Life Insurance Company of New York had suspended. John J. Anderson was appointed receiver by Judge Pratt. The officers of the company attribute the suspension to general shrinkage in real estate and stocks and bonds. With judicious management and curtailed expenses the officers think the policy holders will not lose anything. The statement for 1875 showed the liabilities as $5,537,827, and the assets $6,294,371.26, leaving a surplus of $756,544.26. The income for 1875 was $3,564,530.07, and the number of policies issued for the year 6070, making the total number of policies issued 74,170.

☞ Sheppard's Colored Jubilee Singers are to give a concert in this city Sunday evening, November 12th. For particulars see advertisement in another column. Wherever this company has sung, their performance has been spoken of in the highest terms.

☞ We learn that Hon. Joseph B. Hall the founder of the Aroostook *Pioneer* and Portland *Press*, and for several sessions Secretary of the Senate and subsequently Secretary of State, is now editorially connected with the Chicago *Post*.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. The dwelling house, out buildings and barn of Mr. N. C. Prescott, in Chelsea, one mile east of the Soldiers' Home, were entirely consumed by fire on Saturday night, between eight and nine o'clock. The family were sleeping, and when roused had but little time in which to attempt to save a portion of their furniture and household goods. Three cows, one horse, all the hay gathered for the season, and all the farming tools, were burned. A sum of money laid up in the house was destroyed, it having been forgotten in the excitement of the moment. The fire was without doubt the work of an incendiary. Total loss $1000; insured for $700.——Mr. Chas. H. Wyman of Belgrade Hill, lost a valuable 2 year old steer on Friday last, by being choked to death with a piece of pumpkin. Mr. William F. Eldred, of the same place, on the next day lost a cow by being choked with a potato.——Mr. Loring Farr, principal of the high school in Gardiner, had a coat, vest and watch, worth $40, stolen from his room last week.——It is found that the estate of the late N. O. Mitchell of Gardiner, will pay nearly if not quite all the indebtedness, dollar for dollar.——Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Cates of North Vassalboro,' were agreeably surprised on the evening of the 23d inst., by the gathering at their house of a large number of their friends, who came to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.——Chicken thieves are at work in the vicinity of North Vassalboro.' Mr. Snell Rhoades has lost his entire flock, consisting of some forty or fifty. The thieves came on four different nights, and did not leave even a pullet for Thanksgiving.——The elegant Stone mansion in Farmingdale is offered for sale. It is one of the finest residences on the river.——On Wednesday last, Hon. J. W. Fairbanks of Farmington, was united in marriage to Miss H. F. S. Wood, daughter of the late Maj. Samuel Wood of Winthrop. The services were performed in the Congregational church, by Rev. Mr. Bickford, and in the presence of a large number of people. The bridal tour extends to the Centennial.——A barn in Waterville, owned by Dr. E. F. Sanger of Bangor, was destroyed by fire Tuesday evening. Incendiary. Loss $600 on the barn and contents. Insured for $500 in the Springfield company.

SHIPPING NOTES. The brig William Robertson from Turk's Island for Portland, put into Hampton Roads in distress Tuesday. The William Robertson is 249 tons burden, owned by Elliott of Boston, and built at Calais, in 1865.

Schooner Charles Heath of Islesboro, left Portland for New York Oct. 14th in company with the brig Almira, which was wrecked that night. It is supposed the Heath was also wrecked. The crew consisted of Capt. Randlett and five men from Islesboro. The schooner was loaded with lumber.

One-sixteenth of ship Merom of Bath, 1204 tons, was sold at auction Friday to C. V. Minott, for 2550.

The American schooner Nellie May, seized for smuggling has been released upon payment of a fine of $300.

The Government Steamer which arrived at Halifax Sunday reports that during the heavy west gale of Oct. 16th, an American built schooner supposed to belong to Eastport, Me., struck on a bar at the east end of Sable Island, and soon after went to pieces. All hands were lost. Five bodies and part of the wreck were washed ashore. She had a cargo of herring from Newfoundland or Labrador.

Schooner Ossipee of Gloucester, Mass., arrived at that port Friday with the wreck of the schooner George Kilburn, of and from Bangor, lumber laden, for Boston, which was found abandoned some distance off Thacher's Island.

The schooner C. W. Lewis of Thomaston, Maine, Hupper from Savannah, Oct. 7 reports that she put into Norfolk on the 14th inst., the captain and one of the crew being sick with the yellow fever. A. B. Hupper of Thomaston, Me., the mate, died of the fever at Tybee, Oct. 1st. On the 8th inst., Mason Pease, a seamen, took sick and died on the 16th in Hampton Roads. Since leaving the latter port they had no sickness.

A private despatch from Barrington, N. S., says schooner D. B. Doane of Brewer, is a total wreck. The mate and two of the crew were drowned. The Consul will sell the wreck Saturday.

MAINE IN THE CENTENNIAL. We find in a letter from Mr. Edward King to the Boston *Journal*, the following paragraph:

"By the way, what has become of Maine? Where is her State building? where are her citizens? Why do they not assemble and do justice to themselves and to the Exhibition? I cannot help believing that the people of every State that did not take part in the Centenary festival will yet regret it very much. Maine was not expected to be backward in the great gathering, and one sometimes has considerable difficulty in convincing patriotic sons of that great State that there is really no rallying point on the ground for them."

By the rules established by the Centennial Exhibition managers, only each of the original thirteen States was entitled to a particular day, and Maine not being one of them, the Legisture did not deem it necessary to provide for a State building. Maine might properly have joined in the festivities and ceremonies of Massachusetts day, had she been invited, but she was not, nor was such a courtesy expected.

But Maine's exhibit in the Exposition is entirely creditable, and in proportion to her population and considering her distance from Philadelphia, we do not believe that any State in the Union has furnished a larger number of visitors to the Centennial than Maine. Since the first opening of the Great Exposition in May, there has been a constant flow of travel in that direction, and a portion of the time the capacity of the several railway and steamboat lines has been greatly over-taxed. Our people may not have made so much bluster as those from other localities, but they have been to Philadelphia by thousands, have quietly enjoyed the Exhibit, and as quietly returned to their homes.

SEVERE ACCIDENT. Mr. Joseph Fortier, of Orono, while at work upon the dam at Ayers' Falls, Monday week, in attemptiug to blast a large timber, so as to remove a portion of the dam, was severely injured by a premature explosion. The knee-pan of the left leg was broken and the right arm also, between the elbow and the wrist. The escaping plug struck him in the face, causing severe bruises about the eyes, but these being flesh wounds, are not so severe as the others.

☞ A three years old steer belonging to Horace Wyman, of Chester, recently fell into a well which was 32 feet deep. The well had just been dug but had not been stoned up. The steer remained in his prison all night and was taken out uninjured the following morning, and went on his way rejoicing.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at Philadelphia on Saturday, to hear the oration on Maine's Resources, Industries and Progress, by President Chamberlain of Bowdoin College.

☞ Gen. Miles recently had a fight with Sitting Bull and his band, in which he whipped them and drove them 60 miles. In their fight the Indians abandoned a number of horses, and threw away large quantities of dried meat.

☞ A Centennial Excursion train was run into and two cars telescoped near Scranton, Penn., Tuesday, and a number of persons killed, and many badly injured. Railway accidents have been fearfully prevalent of late.

BATTLE OF WHITE PLAINS. On Saturday the Centennial anniversary of the engagement of the Revolution known as the battle of White Plains, was celebrated by a military parade and other appropriate ceremonies. Though neither a great nor a decisive battle, it was an important engagement and well illustrated the peculiar tactics of Washington who with his small army, always acted on the defensive, except when the odds either in position or numbers was in his favor. The adoption of any other plan would have settled the question of independence against the colonies before the close of the first year of the struggle.

For nearly a month Washington and the main body of his army had occupied the heights of Harlem, New York city then being in the hands of the English troops, under command of Lord Howe. The British commander was very desirous of forcing the Hudson and of getting to the north of New York island, with a view of either caging the American army or compelling them to fight to great disadvantage. Against this danger the ever vigilant Washington was on his guard. On the 11th of Oct. he received notice that two British ships of 44 guns each, had run through the impediments on the Hudson, and had captured or destroyed the four American row-galleys in the river. Washington who had foreseen this attempt to gain his rear, occupied the bridges and causeways, posted guards on all the defensible grounds between the two armies, and commenced the evacuation of New York island. Howe occupied five days in bringing up his forces and then found he was too late to get in Washington's rear, and resolved to strike at White Plains, whither Washington had removed his stores. Gen. Glover with one brigade attacked their advanced party in a sharp but brief action, and then both armies started in nearly parallel lines for the White Plains. In this march the Americans had the advantage of the shortest distance; they also had the greatest number of efficient troops and the strongest ground.

On the morning of October 28th, the army of Howe, expecting a battle which would be the crisis of the war, advanced against the Americans in two columns. As their several divisions came within three quarters of a mile of White Plains, they saw Washington's army drawn up in battle array, strongly intrenched, full of confidence, and awaiting an attack on hilly ground of his own choosing. Howe at first hesitated to attack, but he had come so far that he was forced to do something. In the engagement which followed, the Americans lost in killed and wounded less than a hundred, while the English loss was two hundred and twenty-nine. The two armies after the first engagement, remained face to face for several days. Howe felt that he had but a poor story to tell, if he would not go in shame, into winter quarters. Washington's army was becoming weakened by the discharge of men whose terms of enlistment had expired, and he was overwhelmed with cares of every kind. Not the least of his annoyances were the petty jealousies of his subordinate generals, Greene and Lee, who failed him in almost every emergency. Finally finding that he could not hold his position against the large force which Howe was concentrating in his front, he resolved on a retreat through the Jerseys. The retreat was begun about the middle of November, and in the month of December following, the battle of Trenton took place. This was followed by the engagements at Assanpink and Princeton, and the results of the entire campaign, as is well known, were inauspicious for the British, and favorable to the Americans. The battle of White Plains, therefore, when compared with some of the engagements of the late war, was an insignificant skirmish, but as the scene of one of the conflicts in the struggle for independence, it was proper that its Centennial anniversary should be observed.

☞ Quite an excitement was created last week by the publication in the Paris *Figaro*, of a letter purporting to have been written by M. Du Sommerard chief of the French Centennial Commission to a friend in Germany, in which he accused the Americans with setting fire to the building opposite the main building for the purpose of destroying the French merchandise and articles stored there for exhibition. The letter also stated that the police employed by the Centennial board are purposely chosen from the worst and most degraded elements in the United States. The keepers are thieves without exception. They steal openly from exhibitors in the French department and all others. There exists an understanding between these knaves and the judges. The latter call up the rogues for a hearing when complaints are made, at hours unknown to the complainants, and as a result no witnesses being present they are acquitted. Then worse than this, if such a thing be possible, the thieves count on the judges themselves to give them the signal when to begin the pillage. The outrageous epistle concludes with a vile attack on the virtue and manners of American women.

The publication of this letter brought out a rejoinder from the Marquis De Talleyrand in which he denies emphatically the statement, and closed by saying that his duty as a member of the French Commission compeled him to protest against the imputations cast upon the American people by M. Du Sommerard.

Our Minister Washburne, also wrote a long letter to the French Minister of Foreign affairs protesting against the outrage, and demanding satisfaction. Perhaps a war with France was not exactly imminent, but parties were fearfully stirred up when M. Sommerard put a quietus to the affair by pronouncing the letter a forgery.

MAINE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE. The fall meeting of the Maine Board of Agriculture opened at Fryeburg, Tuesday. The forenoon was occupied in the discussion of general topics. In the afternoon the Secretary read a paper upon the resources of Aroostook county. An essay upon Cranberry Culture was read by Mr. D. M. Dunham of Bangor. In the evening George Flint of Anson read a paper upon Sheep Husbandry, followed by a long discussion upon the same subject. Horace Bodwell of Acton, and President Allen of the State College, occupied the forenoon, Wednesday. The attendance is good and the session promises to be an interesting one.

☞ The accommodation train over the Boston and Maine which left Portland at 5.30 P. M. Friday, consisting of two passenger cars, baggage and several freight cars, met with an accident in Scarboro.' A transom bolt broke, throwing the passenger cars off the track in a promiscuous heap. George West of Biddeford, was severely injured. George Hobbs of the Atlantic House, Wells Beach, was seriously injured. A man, supposed to be Captain Ames Leavitt, had his jaw broken.

☞ The United States has entered suits against Gen. O. O. Howard as a defaulter of funds entrusted to him in connection with the Freedman's Bureau and Howard University. For one of the suits $150,000 is claimed, and in the other $20,000. These actions are ordinary assumpsit suits, and the money is claimed to have been received by Gen. Howard for the use of the United States, and not to have been paid over.

☞ The Portland Press says it is thought that the floating body recently seen on Fore river may have some connection with a missing man in that vicinity. Mr. Alexander McDonald of Halifax, recently visited his brother-in-law, Mr. Hodgdon at Woodford's Corner. He started for home with considerable money, but has never reached there.

Editor's Table.

We have received from F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, a piece of music entitled the Prodigal Son, with beautifully illuminated title page. It will be sent by mail for 75 cents.

The number of Littell's Living Age for Oct. 28th, contains the second part of Geo. MacDonald's new serial, "The Marquis of Lossie," printed from advanced sheets. The promise of an unusually interesting and powerful story is fully sustained by this instalment.

The Nursery for November contains the usual number of finely illustrated articles adapted to children of almost any age. It is published by John L. Shorey, Boston.

The Science and Art of Education, by Joseph Payne, is published in a neat volume by E. Steiger, New York. Price in cloth 40 cts., in paper 15 cts.

HARPER'S. This sterling monthly generally appears in advance of its contemporaries. The November number has several finely illustrated articles, poetry by Bayard Taylor and others, chapters of serials, short sketches, &c., &c. Sold in this city by J. F. Pierce.

The Encore, by L. O. Emerson, is published by O. Ditson & Co. It is a book for singing classes, and contains a great variety of hymns and tunes adapted to almost every occasion.

From Hanscom & Co., New York, we have received A Song of America and Minor Lyrics by V. Voldo.

LADY'S BOOK. Godey for November, has superb Fashion Plates, Patterns for crochet and other work and choice reading matter. The initial engraving is entitled "Parting with the Favorite." Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. This sterling New England Publication has its usual attractive table of contents. The leading article is The Ascent of Takhoma. The Battles about Atlanta, by Gen. Howard, and Pottery at the Centennial, are two noticable articles. The poetry in this number is especially good. Published by H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston.

The International Review is supported by the International Code Committee of America, as will be seen by the following resolve which was adopted at the recent meeting in New York:

Resolved, That the International Review, for its discussions of international subjects, its contributions from writers of different countries, and its advocacy of the purposes of this Committee, is entitled to our confidence and support, and we commend it to our associates and friends, and to all who are interested in international law reform and arbitration.

This Review is published six times a year by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

Oliver Ditson & Co., have in press and will soon publish Biographical Sketches of Eminent Musical Composers; World of Song, a book of 249 pages, sheet music size, and Gems of the Dance, 228 pages, also sheet music size.

LIPPINCOTT'S. The November number of Lippincott's Magazine, has number XI of The Century, its Fruits and its Festival. This article is devoted to the Centennial Exposition, and is finely illustrated. Another illustrated article is Walks and Visits in Wordsworth's Country. There are nine other articles, besides Monthly Gossip, Literature of the Day, &c. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Publishers.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. On Thursday morning as a freight train on the New Jersey Midland railroad with two empty coal cars in front of the engine reached Hawthorne bridge over the Erie railroad, one of the forward cars jumped the track, and striking the end of the bridge, pushed it off the abutment, when it fell upon the Erie track, over which the Erie passenger train had just passed. The middle engine turned up-side-down, and ten or twelve freight cars pitched into the chasm. The engineer and fireman were crushed to a jelly, and terribly scalded, being instantly killed. The conductor was so badly crushed that he is not expected to live. The brakeman had both legs mangled, necessitating amputation, which he can hardly survive. The loss to the Midland railroad will be about $30,000. The Erie road was blocked all day.

☞ The Sabbath schools in Penobscot county were in convention in Orono, on Oct. 23d. Alden Baker, esq., of Gardiner was elected President, and Rev. W. L. Brown of Bangor, Secretary. The discussions were practical. On Thursday evening Dr. C. F. Allen gave an address on the "Best method of teaching Geography" and Rev. S. P. Fay of Bangor, on the "Bible as a wonderful book." A permanent county organization was effected and the following Board of Officers were elected: President, Prof. M. C. Fernald, Orono; Vice Presidents, Rev. Messrs. G. R. Palmer, Orono, James Boyd, Bangor, G. N. Preston, Oldtown, P. B. Thayer, Garland; Secretary and Treasurer, M. P. C. Withers, Bangor; Executive Committee, Messrs. M. H. Angell and Moses Giddings, Bangor; E. M. Tibbetts, Dexter, Rev. M. Pitts, East Corinth. The time fixed for the annual meeting was the first Tuesday in October.

☞ A curious case was heard before the Auburn municipal court last week. For some cause John S. Leavitt entertained a grudge against Charles N. Downing, both living on Winter street, Auburn. As long ago as the 25th of August, Downing's family were visibly disturbed by the blowing up of their stove, the entire kitchen being filled with the debris. Investigation proved that the cause of the explosion was the presence in the fire of a stick of wood loaded with powder. By keeping a careful watch thereafter over his woodpile, Downing discovered at different times no less than 20 sticks of wood bored and doctored in the same manner, all of which went to prove an attempt on Downing's life and property; so the firewood and John S. Leavitt were paraded before the court, the latter being held to appear at the S. J. Court in January.

ROGUES CAUGHT. Through the efforts of Superintendent Batchelder, assisted by Marshal Low and the city police of Rockland, the notorious train thieves, James Quinby and Fred Sherburne of Great Falls, N. H., were arrested at the house of David H. Ames in Rockland, Thursday afternoon. These fellows belong to a gang of four, who pursued the plan of breaking into freight cars and stealing goods which they disposed of through a store in Waterboro.' Sherburne had been arrested and put under bonds and ran away. Quinby has not before been in custody. Meldren, the third confederate, was arrested and examined at Dover, N. H., but discharged. One Mellen, the fourth member of the gang and a desperate fellow, is still at large. Sherburne and Quinby were taken to New Hampshire, Friday.

☞ A despatch says that work is stopped in all the mines of the Delaware and Hudson coal company and that several other corporations are pursuing the same policy. Some 25,000 men are thrown out of employment. There are over 1,500,000 tons of anthracite fuel now stacked at the seaboard depots, and it is said this is sufficient to meet all ordinary demands for at least three months, and the shut down will probably continue for that length of time. The operators say there is no profit in coal mining, and they are therefore compelled to stop production to prevent possible bankruptcy. On the other hand the colliers say it is a sharp dodge to run up prices.

For the Maine Farmer.

Random Thoughts and Recollections.

Number 3.

At the time of which I am writing, and for a long time prior and subsequent, "T Wharf," in Boston, was the rendezvous of all the coasters plying between Hallowell and Augusta and that city. As the freight passing between these places, and most of the passengers, were transported through these agencies, "T Wharf," in the summer season, presented a lively aspect. It might not inaptly have been called the "Kennebec exchange," inasmuch as it was the place of all others in Boston, most frequented by Kennebeckers, and where nearly all of them sojourning in that city might be met with sometime during the day.

Fifty years ago Hallowell was far ahead of Augusta in the extent of her business relations and enterprises, and especially in the size, beauty and general equipment of her splendid packet fleet, which carried most of the passengers and much of the freight to and from Augusta. The "regular line," sailing once a week, was composed of four schooners commanded by Captains James Blish, Isaac Smith, John Soule and Andrew Brown. They were gentlemen as well as expert seamen, and were exceedingly popular up and down the river. Their trips were made with great regularity, considering that the unstable winds were their only reliance as a propelling power. Augusta had no regular packet line, and but four vessels of any kind. Among her early and most distinguished navigators the names I recall are Captains Abisha Soule, Tillinghast and Elisha Springer, Gustavus A. Dickman, Charles Beck and William H. Heath. Of the ten named, Elisha Springer, Charles Beck and Wm. Heath are the only survivors. When I first recollect them they were all young men, probably between 25 and 35 years of age, and in the full vigor of early manhood. It is but just to say that they were an exceedingly intelligent, enterprising and highly respected band of seamen, who contributed their full share to the reputation for respectability, which Hallowell and Augusta have always maintained. These were the men whose faces were familiar to those who frequented "T Wharf" from forty to fifty years ago. As I write these lines I fancy I can see that group of ruddy, happy faces, joking and laughing, as was their wont, in days "lang syne." Dickman and Beck were the wags of that coterie of old salts, and when they were present there was no lack of fun for the gaping crowd. Just abreast of the "jog of the T," so called, on the opposite side of the wharf, was a much frequented refreshment saloon. About this time "Dr. Richardson's Bitters" had attained great celebrity as a panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir. If one had been drinking the brackish water of the city pump, a glass of these bitters would counteract its unpleasant effects, and if suffering from headache they would give instant relief; if from a bad cold, they would cure it; and so on to the end of the chapter of maladies. Besides these wonderful curative properties, they worked like a charm upon all atmospheric disturbances. If it was too hot, they were a cooling draught; if too cold, a food circulator; if just right, a glass would keep it so. It is not strange, then, that a mixture possessing so many virtues should have been so popular. The thing, however, connected with this cure-all, that particularly impressed my boyish mind, was the many ailments with which those cossting skippers were afflicted, considering the external indications of robust health, and the facility with which they could dispose of a good square meal of corned beef and cabbage.

The picture I have endeavored to sketch of packet voyaging fifty years ago, is drawn, I hope, with sufficient fidelity to the truth to be recognized by my contemporaries, and to give a younger generation a faint idea of the most popular mode of traveling known to their fathers and grandfathers half a century ago. Before my final return from this trip to Boston, however, I shall have something to say of railway and stage coach journeying, that I trust will not be altogether void of interest to the general reader. The objective of my trip to the great city of Boston, containing then not more, probably, than forty thousand inhabitants, was a ride upon the first five miles of completed railway, worked by steam, that was ever opened for travel and transportation in New England. If I remember correctly the origin of railroading in the United States, the piece of road to which I refer was the third that was constructed in this country. Thurlow Weed, who is good authority, claims for the Albany & Schenectady the honor of being the first—1831 I think; a portion of the Baltimore & Washington was the second, and the five miles before spoken of on the Boston & Worcester, from Boston to Newton Corner, was the third. I cannot state with positive certainty the exact day and year when the latter was opened for travel, but think it was in 1832 or 1833.

The day after the "Nelson's" arrival at the dock, was a fearfully hot and sultry one, somewhere about the 20th of August; but as I was out on an elephant hunt, and as that animal in his normal condition, is not usually to be met with in cool places. I very philosophically concluded that if I would take a look at the huge quadruped, I must sally forth in the direction of his lair, quite regardless of the excessive heat. So with sublime heroism, worthy of a better cause, I summitted my form to the embraces of that awfully tight fitting suit, which my till then accredited friend Chisam, had, with evident malice *prepense*, constructed to encase my poor mortal frame. However, by dint of squeezing and tugging, I managed to get into it, but the climax of my torture was not reached until I got John Heath to buckle that *four inches high patent leather stock* securely around my neck. Then indeed, did I for the first time realize in all their proportions the nature and extent of the sacrifices demanded of the votaries of fashion. However, I was in the very proper city of Boston, and to be there, and not to be fashionably dressed, would have been a breach of decorum, not to be excused, by any rule of propriety with which I was acquainted. So having fortified myself with a small draught of Dr. Richardson's elixir, I made a bold push for the Worcester depot. I had not traveled long, however, before I lost my bearing in that vast labyrinth of cow paths, which the good citizens of Boston by a sort of grim travesty dignify with the appellation of streets; but thanks to the English tongue I had in my head, and was not afraid to use, I finally reached the goal for which I had started.

The railroad from Boston to Newton Corner was an object of great interest at this time, and excited as much curiosity and comment, as did the "big organ" at a much later date. The question that then greeted our ears on all sides was: "have you had a ride on the railroad." It was not long before I was able to answer it in the affirmative. Having purchased my ticket, (the price I think was thirty-seven and a half cents) I took my seat in a car, constructed in a very primitive fashion, with the seats running lengthwise like those of an omnibus, it I remember rightly. The engine was a queer looking little thing, but I cannot describe it. When the bell rang for the start my heart was in my mouth, so terrified and excited was I at the thought of being drawn over a road at great speed by a locomotive. The trip was made however, without noticable incident, and in due time we returned to Boston. I felt a great relief when that perilous journey had terminated.

The first railroads in the United States were somewhat differently constructed from those of the present day, the rails being small sticks of timber placed longitudinally upon transverse ties. Upon these wooden sleepers were spiked bars of flat iron, say about four inches wide. This style of road, though very soon superseded by the T rail in the more populous states, was the one generally in use for some years in the south, where it acquired the name of "snake head," from the fact that the ends of the iron bars frequently became loose, when a loaded train passing over them would cause them to turn up, in a manner resembling an enraged serpent. Many accidents arose from this cause, the iron bars frequently passing up through the bottom of the cars, in some cases, causing loss of life.

In looking back to this, my first experience in railroad traveling, I can hardly realize that I am in the flesh when I reflect upon the past, that one may now ride in a sumptuously appointed car, at a fearfully rapid speed, almost by a continuous rail, from St. John, New Brunswick, to Los Angelos in southern California. I have myself recently made a journey of nearly two thousand miles, under circumstances of great physical infirmity, with less fatigue and discomfort, than one might experience in a ride from Augusta to Belgrade, on one of Pinkham's coaches.

When one examines a railroad map, and sees at a glance how completely cob-webbed the whole country is with railroads, those wonderful abridgments of distance and factors of civilization, and reflects that this immense work has been accomplished within a period of less that fifty years, the involuntary exclamation must be, *how marvelous!*

D. C.

Items of Maine News.

A severe hail storm passed over Hartland Wednesday week.

There was a thunder storm at Milo on Tuesday week.

A Canadian named Berry committed suicide at Veazie on Saturday.

Rev. F. Palmer of Milo was thrown from a carriage Friday and had a wrist broken.

Friday a bear weighing 305 pounds was shot in Charleston.

J. L. Elder, Esq., Percival Bonny, Esq., and M. L. Stevens, Esq., of Portland are to lecture in the Wells course this winter.

Brown's fine picture of the "White Mountains from Rumford" has been sold to a Boston gentleman for $300.

Chas. F. Adams, Esq., a native of Cherryfield, and a member of Cumberland Bar, has opened a law office in Machias.

A little child of G. C. Eaton of Somerset Mills, died last week from the effects of swallowing a bean.

Michael Keilty, a 12 year old son of Martin Keilty, of Bangor, ran a sliver under the nail of one of his toes, Sunday, got cold and died of lockjaw Wedn

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1.

Arrivals of stock at market—Cattle 2212; Sheep and Lambs 10,112; Swine 11,100; Western Cattle 1905; Eastern Cattle 52; Milch Cows and Northern Cattle 275.

Prics of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs, live weight—Extra quality $6 62½@6 87½; first quality 5 37½@5 50; second quality $5 00@5 25; third quality $4 37½@4 75; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 50@4 00.

Brighton Hides 6@7c per lb; Brighton Tallow 6c ₩ lb. Country Hides 6@6½c per lb; Country Tallow 5c per lb.

Calf Skins 10@12c per lb; Sheared Sheep skins 75c Lamb Skins 75c; wool Skins @ $1@1 75 each.

The supply of Cattle in market for the week has not been so large as that of one week ago. The quality was not much different. Cattle cost higher at the West and prices advanced fully ½ cts. per lb. over that of our last quotations. On account of the advance the trade did not open so actively as it does some weeks. There were but a few Northern or Eastern Cattle in market, the trade being principally confined to Western Beeves.

Working Oxen—Light supply in market. A few pairs each week is all the market requires. Sales:

One pair girth 7 feet 2 in, live weight 3700 lbs, $133;
1 pair steers 6 feet 2 inches, live weight 2200 lbs, $81;
1 pair girth 7 feet 3 inches, live weight 2940 lbs, $150;
1 pair girth 7 feet 2 inches, live weight 3020 lbs, $151;
1 pair girth 6 feet 8 inches, live weight 2550 lbs, $115;
1 pair girth 7 feet, $128.

Store Cattle—Yearlings, $11 to 15: two year olds, $15 to $27; three year olds, $25 to $45 per head. Prices upon small Cattle depend upon their value for Beef. But few stores are offered in market for sale.

Milch Cows—Extra $55@$95; ordinary $35@50 per head. Most of the Cows that are offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Prices do not vary much from week to week.

Sheep and Lambs—The supply from the West for the week has been light, all owned by butchers. There was a fair supply of Northern Sheep and Lambs in market, for which the trade was a little dull. Prices ranging from 3 to 5c per lb.

Swine—Store Pigs, wholesale 7a8c, retail 7½@9c. Fat Hogs, 13,700 at market; prices 6@7c per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, Nov. 1.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—The market is quiet for Flour prices are steady and firm and remain unchanged. Sales:—

Western Superfine at $4 25@4 75; common extras at $5 00@5 75; Milwaukie and Minnesota extras at $5 25@7 25; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan at $6 00@7 00; Illinois at $6 25@8 00; St. Louis at $6 50@8 50 ₩ bbl. Southern Flour is quiet at $6 50@8 50₩ bbl for medium and choice family; and fancy Minnesota at $7 25@9 25₩ bbl. Corn is firm at 63@65c ₩ bush. for mixed and yellow. Oats are dull at 53 45c₩ bush for No. 1 white; 42@47c for mixed and No. 2 white, and 35@38c for rejected. Rye 75@80 35@38c ₩ bush. Shorts, 14@14 50; Fine Feed $15 50@16 50; Middlings at $18@22₩ ton.

PROVISIONS—Pork is dull; sales at $16 50@16 00 for prime; $17 50@18 00 for mess $20 00@21 50 ₩ bbl for clear. Beef ranges from $10 50@12 00 mess and extra mess, and $12 50@13 50 ₩ bbl. for family. Lard 10@11½c ₩ lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams 12@13½c ₩ lb. Butter sells at 18@35c ₩ lb. and Cheese from 9@13½c ₩ lb. as to quality. Cut Meats are selling at 3a9½c per lb as to quality.

PRODUCE—White Beans are in demand and firm. The sales have been at 1 50@1 60 for mediums, $2@2 25 for Pea, with choice hand picked Northern at $2 37½; Red Kidneys and Yellow Eyes at 2a2 12½ per bush. Potatoes are in demand and firm. Sales of Early Rose at 75a78c; Jackson Whites at 65a70c; and common kinds, at 60a65c per bush. Onions have been selling at 1 75a2 per bbl. Apples are plenty and prices remain without improvement.—The shipments have been considerable. The sales have been at $1a1 50 for common and medium, and 1 75a2 for choice and fancy. Very fair apples are selling at 1 25 per bbl. Cranberries are in moderate demand, and prices range from $6@9 per bbl. as to quality. Eggs are firm and have be selling at 25a 26c for Eastern, 24@25c for Northern, and 23@24c for Western. Poultry has been in fair demand at 14a22c per lb. as to quality.

HAY AND STRAW.—There has been a fair demand for Hay, with sales of coarse at $19@20; and fine and medium grades at 16@18 per ton. In Rye Straw the sale have been at $21@23 per ton, closing rather dull,

Wool Market.

BOSTON, Nov. 1.

The demand for Wool continues quite active and prices are gradually advancing. Manufacturers are purchasing quite freely, and we notice considerable speculative inquiry. The sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have been at 40@50c, including a small lot of XXX, at 52c; considerable medium X and XP at 40a46c; 200,000 lbs Michigan and Wisconsin fleeces at 38a40c; 10,000 lbs common fleeces at 33½@39c; 175,000 lbs scouring and delaine fleeces at 45c@51c for washed, and 36@37 for unwashed; 194,000 lbs Oregon at 26@34c; 150,000 lbs unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces at 25a35c; 500,000 lbs fall California at 16@25c; 100,000 lbs spring California at 26@27½c; 20,000 lbs Nolls, mostly at 35c; 1000 lbs tub washed at 38a43c; 100,000 lbs scoured at 40@80c; 200,000 lbs super and X pulled at 30a35c, including choice lots at 42a45c for Eastern and Maine super; and 1000 lbs at 6c per lb.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.

COTTON—Sales 9000 bales—middling uplands @10½

FLOUR—Sales 19,600 bbls. State $4 60@4 80; Round Hoop Ohio, $4 80@6 00; Western $4 20@4 80; Southern $5 25@6 75

WHEAT—Sales 28,000 bu. Spring 1 13@1 22, No 2 Mil., 1 25@1 25; No. 1, Chi., $1 20@—. No. 2, $1 27@1 32; Winter Red, $1 28@1 30; Amber, $1 35@1 35; No. 1 Iowa, $1 36@1 39; White Michigan, $1 28@1 28; Winter Western, 1 32@1 35.

CORN—Sales 285,000 bushels. Western 58@59.

OATS—Sales 54,000 bushels—Western 31½@—.

PORK—Sales 600 bbls. New Mess, $17 00@17 00.

LARD—Steam, 10 00@9 90c; Kettle, 1 40c.

SUGAR—Refining, 8@9; Porto Rico, 10@—; Cuba —@7; Havana White, 9@10.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.

Money was easy at 5a6 per cent on call.
Gold opened at 110; and closed at 110.

United States 6	(coupons), 1881,	118
" "	5-20's, 1865,	110
" "	" 1865, (new)	113
" "	" 1867,	110
" "	" 1868,	117
"	New 5's,	113
"	10-40's (coupons),	110
	Currency 6's,	124

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2.

APPLES—Cooking are worth from 50c@$1 per bu.; for No. 1 Baldwins and other winter sorts are brought to our market from the West by the car-load at $2 50 per bbl.

BUTTER—There is a little better demand than last week, though not sufficient to cause any difference in quotations. 28a30c for choice.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes 1 75; hand-picked Pea 1 75a1 80.

CHEESE—Sales of New Factory have been made in this market at 10@12½c.

FLOUR—Superfine to common extra $6 50@7 50; Good brands at $7 50@8 00; choice Western $8 00; St Lands favorite brands $9 00@11 00.

GRAIN—corn 70@75c; oats 42a45c.

HAY—Just now nominal at $13 per ton.

HONEY—Yellow bees' honey 25c per lb.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 5a6½c; Calf Skins 10a11; lamb skins 75@85c deacons 15a20c; sheep skins 75c.

LIME AND CEMENT—$1 00 per cask for lime, $2 80 for Cement.

NATIVE CRANBERRIES—$2 25a2 50 per bush.

MEAL—corn 70c; rye $1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes 50c; Eggs @25; lard 16@17c.

SHORTS—$1 25 per 100 lbs.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork, $12@14, ₩ 100 lbs; beef ₩ side 8@10c; round hog 10@8c; ham 17@20c; spring lamb 8a10c; Spring chickens 12@15c; fowls, 10@12c.

WOOD—Mill wood, delivered, $3 50 ₩ cord.

WOOL—For medium to fine 33@36 is being paid for washed, and 23@25 for unwashed.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1.

APPLES—are selling at $1 50@2 50 ₩ bbl. Dried 7@12

BUTTER—Selling at 25@30c for family. Store, from 25@28c ₩ lb

BEANS—We quote hand-picked pea beans at $2 00@1 75; yellow eyes, $1 75@1 85.

CHEESE—Factory is selling at 13½@13c ₩ lb; Maine and Vermont Dairy, 12a10.

FISH—We quote large shore $4 50@4 75; large bank $3 25a3 50; small $4 50@4 25; pollock $3 25@3 50; haddock $2 00@2 50 ₩ qtl; herring $3 50@4 50 ₩ bbl; scaled, ₩box, 25@26c; mackerel ₩ bbl—Bay No. 3 to No. 1, none; Shore Nos. 1 and 2, $16 00a18 50.

FLOUR—We quote Superfine, $4 25@4 75; Spring X and XX, $5 50@6 75; Michigan Winter X and XX, $6 00@7 25; Patent Spring Wheat, $8 25@9 25; St. Louis X and XX, $6 75@9 00.

GRAIN—We quote mixed Corn at 66 and yellow 65@—. Oats are worth 48@45c, fine feed at $30 ₩ ton and shorts at $25@26 ₩ ton.

HAY—Loose, $15 00@17 00 ₩ ton for prime. Pressed selling at $16 00@19 00. Straw $10@9 ₩ ton for prime.

LARD—₩ Tierce, 11½@11½ ₩ b; per keg 11½@11¾; pail 13@14c. caddies 14@14½.

PLASTER—White, ₩ ton, $3 00; blue $2 75; ground in bbls $8 00@9 00; calcined in bbls $2 75@3 00.

PROVISIONS—We quote beef side at 9@10c; veal 8@10; mutton 12@13c; chickens 15@18c; turkeys 18@20c; eggs 20@22c; potatoes 50@60c ₩ bush; onions @2 50a2 75 ₩ bbl. Round Hogs 8@9.

PROVISIONS—We quote as follows: Mess beef, Chicago, $10@10 50; plate $13a14; extra plate $14 25@15 00 pork backs, $22 00@23 00; clear, $21 50@22 00; mess $ 18 50@19 50. Hams 13½@13c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1.

BEANS—Yellow eyes $1 25@1 50 ₩ bush; Pea Beans $2 00@1 75.

BUTTER—Is worth from 26@28c ₩ lb,

EGGS—Selling at 23@24c ₩ dozen.

HAY—Best qualities loose sell at $10 00@14 00 ₩ ton Pressed $15@12.00

GRAIN—Oats are now worth 42@40c ₩ bush; corn 65a70 ₩ bush.

POTATOES—50a55.

PROVISIONS—Good fresh beef, by the side worth 6@10c ₩ lb; round hogs 7@8c; lamb 8a10c; chickens, 15@18c.

HIDES AND SKINS—lamb skins 50@70c each.

Hides @4½c ₩ lb. veal skin 9@10c per lb.

WOOL—Fleece Wool sells at 30a35 cents.

☞The Oxford Democrat says that Messrs. Daicey of Buckfield, and Ward of Boston, have leased the shoe factory at South Paris for five years. They expect to start with about 100 hands the first of December, with a prospect of a large increase in the spring. They will at present disburse over $25,000 a year. The citizens feel gratified that the factory is to be put in operation at once. They have raised $4000 by voluntary subscription, are to pipe the building for steam heating and furnish a steam engine of sufficient capacity for the business. They have also agreed to enlarge the factory to twice its present capacity within eighteen months. The surrounding farmers have agreed to furnish 75 cords of wood per year for five years, free of charge. It is expected that some twenty families will move into the place at once.

☞Thursday at Calhoun Falls, near St. Johnsbury, Vt., Frank Johnson of Windham, Me., Charles Putney of Concord, N. H., and Joseph Heron of St. Johnsbury, were excavating for a paper mill and placed some rendrock to dry under a stove in the basement, while they were at work on the first floor. The explosive ignited, blew the building, twenty feet square, into kindling wood, and hurled the men skyward. Heron was denuded of clothing, and filled with splinters, and may die. Johnson and Putney will recover.

☞"Forest Tar Salve," has no equal for Burns, and Healing Cuts and Indolent Sores.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

London, Oct. 24. The race for the Cambridgeshire stakes to-day were won by Roseberry, with Hopbloom second and Sirius third. 32 horses ran.

London, Oct. 30. The steamer Pandora, which sailed from Southampton for Smith's Sound, in the Arctic regions, some months ago for the purpose of bringing to England any dispatches which might have been deposited there by the Arctic region's expedition, has just returned. She passed Crookhaven on her way to Portsmouth at noon to-day. All on board were well.

France.

Paris, Oct. 30. The Pope having desired to divide the archbishopric of Lyons into two dioceses without the consent of the French government, the latter has issued a decree forbidding such a division.

Spain.

London, Oct. 27. Detachments of artillery and cavalry sail for Cuba on Monday, in addition to the 21,022 reinforcements already sent.

In connection with the recent insult to the ambassador to Italy by the committee appointed to superintend the reception to the Spanish pilgrims at the Vatican, the Spanish Government has issued an order prohibiting the return to Spain of the prelates who, while in Rome, failed to call on the ambassador. The order especially mentions the Archbishop of Grenada.

Madrid, Oct. 30. The council of ministers has decided to terminate the suspension of the constitutional guarantees immediately after the reopening of the Cortes.

Germany.

Berlin, Oct. 30. The German Reichstag (Imperial Parliament of the whole Empire) opened to-day.

The Emperor in his speech says Germany's foreign relations, notwithstanding the difficulties of the present political situation, are fully accordant with the Emperor's pacific policy. His constant endeavor is to preserve friendly relations with all the powers, especially those connected with Germany by ties of neighborhood and history, and so far as peace may be endangered among such, to preserve it by friendly mediation.

Whatever the future may have in store, Germany may rest assured that the blood of her sons will be sacrificed or risked only for the protection of her own honor and interests.

India.

London, Oct. 30. The Times dispatch from Calcutta says that the accounts from the districts of Bombay are somewhat better. The Collector of Nassick does not anticipate actual famine.

There has been some rain in Dharwar, but no improvement is reported in Shalapore or Poona. Belgium is also in distress. Great suffering already exists in Shalapore, where cattle are selling at a few pence each on account of the lack of water.. Reports from Madras are also gloomy.

South America.

Panama, Oct. 19. The rebellion continues in the United States of Columbia. The Government intends, it is reported, to raise an army of 30,000 men to suppress it.

Fighting has been progressing in Tolima, where Gen. Delgado defeated the rebels under Escabianca. The rebel forces number 9000 men. An important fight is expected very soon.

The Turkish War.

Belgrade, Oct. 28. During the fight at Krevet a distinguished officer brought half a Russian battalion to the front, saying he was compelled to leave the other half behind to prevent the Servians from running away. Self wounding among Servians is said to be again common.

London, Oct. 28. The Times says the feeling that the war is deferred, at least, for the winter becomes much more prevelent.

The Pall Mall Gazette takes quite a hopeful view of the peace prospects.

Belgrade, Oct. 30. A battle was fought yesterday in which the Turks drove the Servians from Djunis, after a crushing defeat. Tchernayeff's army is cut in two and completely demoralized. Horvatovitch's command has retired on Krushevatz. A great panic prevails at Belgrade.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING. The President has issued the following proclamation for a National Thanksgiving:

By the President of the United States of America. A Proclamation:

From year to year we have been accustomed to pause in our daily pursuits and set apart time and offer our thanks to Almighty God for the special blessings He has vouchsafed to us, with our prayers for a continuance thereof. We have at this time equal reason to be thankful for His continued protection and for the material blessings He has bestowed. In addition to these causes accorded to us as individuals we have especial occasion to express our hearty thanks to Almighty God, that by His providence and guidance our government, established a century ago has been enabled to fulfil the purpose of its founders in offering an asylum to the people of every race, securing civil and religious liberty to all within its borders, and meting out to every individual alike justice and equality before the law. It is moreover especially our duty to offer our humble prayers to the Father of all mercies for the continuance of His Divine vor to us as a nation and as individuals. By reason of all these considerations, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States do recommend to the people of the United States, to devote the 30th day of November next to the expression of their thanks and prayers to Almighty God, and laying aside their daily avocations and all secular occupations, to assemble in their respective places of worship and observe said day as a day of thanksgiving and rest.

In witness whereof I have herewith set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 26th day of October, in the year of Our Lord, 1876, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and first.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT.

By the President,
HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

THE INDIANS. Gen. Crook being satisfied that Red Cloud's and Red Leaf's bands of Sioux Indians encamped near Shadow Creek and refusing to come into the agency, were in communication with the hostiles and intending to join them, made a sudden move on Monday, 24th with eight companies of the 4th cavalry, surrounded them and captured the whole band numbering 300 lodges, disarmed them and marched them into the agency. Red Cloud was then deposed from the chieftainship, and Spotted Tail, who was friendly, made head chief. Gen. Crook feels that a great object has been attained by this movement and will proceed with his campaign at once.

The arrival of Gen. Merritt's command at Red Cloud, Tuesday, 24th, signalized the closing up of the Big Horn and Yellowstone campaign, which will be succeeded by the Powder River expedition, consisting of fifteen companies of infantry and eleven companies of cavalry, the latter principally of the 4th regiment, with a few companies of the 2d and 3d, which have not been in the summer campaign. All are fresh troops, and will be commanded by Gen. Crook in person. The 5th cavalry will have its winter headquarters at Fort Russell, Gen. Merritt in command. The 3d goes to Fort Laramie. Ten companies will remain at Red Cloud.

Spotted Tail was formally installed chief of the Sioux nation by virtue of authority of the President, and was as such accepted by all the Indians at that agency.

On Monday a band under Young Man Afraid of his Horses, ran off in the excitement and started north. Word was sent them to come back in five days or be considered hostile to the government.

The capture made by General Merritt consisted of 500 Indians, 700 ponies and a large number of arms. The ponies and arms are to be disposed of at auction on the second of November at Fort Laramie.

The moral effect of this decisive policy is wholesome, and peace promises to prevail at the agencies.

☞At New York Friday, 1000 tons of coal were sold at auction. The bidding was lively, but prices show a falling, compared with last month. The following are prices obtained: 5000 tons of steamer, started at $3.10, fell to 3,07 1-2, at which price the balance was bought; 20,000 tons of grate commenced at $3.10, fell to $3.07 1-2, then to $3.05, and closed at $3.02 1-2; 25,000 tons of egg opened at $3.01, and closed at the same price. It maintained that price throughout. 50,000 tons of stove opened at $4.10, and fell to $4.07 1-2.

☞A severe cyclone passed over the Central American States on the 3d and 4th inst. The town of Managua in Nicaragua was inundated on the 4th. About 400 houses were blown down by the hurricane. The inhabitants had to climb up on the top of houses to prevent being washed away. Many were drowned by their houses falling. The total damage is estimated at $2,000,000.

VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most infkerible case of Canker.

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL, 1876.

Wheeler & Wilson Victorious!

Again the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES triumph over the world. The Centennial Commission have officially announced the awards, and decreed for the Wheeler & Wilson machine two Medals of Merit and two Diplomas of Honor. This is a double victory, and the highest award which it was in the power of the Centennial authorities to bestow. No other sewing machine received such a recognition. More than thirty of the best producers of machines in this and other countries entered for competition, and at Philadelphia in 1876, as at Vienna in 1873 and at Paris in 1867, Wheeler & Wilson led the list. After a careful, rigorous, and exhaustive examination, the judges unanimously decided that the superior excellence of these machines deserved more than one medal or diploma, and consequently they recommended two of each. The Committee unanimously ratified the action of the judges, and the public will endorse the decision of these ablest of mechanical experts. A claim of equally distinguished honor for any other sewing machine is only an attempt to hoodwink the people. Read the following, which stamps the "New Wheeler & Wilson" as the standard Sewing Machine of the world. From the official report:

AWARDS TO WHEELER & WILSON.

1. A Medal and Diploma for the "New Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine for the following reasons:

"A Lockstich Sewing Machine, unsurpassed in the workmanship of its parts, and possessing great originality, great adaptability to different kinds of work, both on Cloth or Leather, beauty of stitch, ease and rapidity of motion and completeness of display."

2. A Medal and Diploma for the "New Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine" for Leather, for "Superior quality of work in Leather Stitching.

AMERICA AHEAD ON SPOOL COTTON.

Centennial Exposition, 1876!

Extract from the official report of the judges on Williamatic new six-cord soft-finish Spool Cotton, who awarded the

WILLIMANTIC COMPANY

A Medal of Merit and Diploma of Honor.

1. "Superiority and economy of production.

2. Excellence of material and variety of colors of thread.

3. Excellence of machinery and appliances.

4. Originality and completeness of system."

☞Castoria is a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, without any of its objections, for it is pleasant to take, and does not nauseate or gripe. For Costiveness at any age, but especially for Sour Stomach, Wind Colic, Worms and the Disordered bowels of children, it is the most effective remedy in existence. It is harmless, it is reliable, and it is cheap.

There need be no pain where Centaur Liniment is used. Burns and Scalds are healed without a scar. Rhumatism, Sprains, and most flesh, bone and muscle ailments can be absolutely cured. There are two kinds. The White Centaur Liniment is for family use, the Yellow for horses and animals. One trial will convince the incredulous.

☞Incalculable are the benefits derived from HUNT'S REMEDY. Kidney, Bladder, and Glandular Complaints, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Urino-Genital Organs, Retention and Incontinence of Urine, Pain in the Back and Loins, Female Irregularities, Excesses, Intemperance and Nervous Prostration, are cured by HUNT'S REMEDY. Bright's Disease is cured by HUNT'S REMEDY.

INHALING the hot vapors of Solution of "Forest Tar" for Bronchitis and Consumption, allays the cough, aids expectoration, restores the appetite and promotes sleep.

An Unanswerable Question.

The strongest argument which can be used against the advisability of administering such corrosive and nerve-destroying poisons as arsenic and quinine for intermittent and remittent fevers, is the vastly superior success in the prevention and cure of such diseases of a medicine which is the very antipode of the above named drugs, both in respect of its composition and the results wrought by it. Such a medicine is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable preparation, which not only eradicates with wonderful promptitude every trace of fever and ague, and kindred types of malarious disease from the system, but is a certain preventive of all maladies begotten of miasma-tainted air and water. These results mineral anti-febrile remedies do not effect with certainty, and their continued use entails consequences highly pernicious to the system. The Bitters, on the contrary, not only afford speedy relief, but establish health on a permanent basis.

4149

From Abram Mead, Esq., of Littleton, Mass.

"I have for several years suffered severely with Dyspepsia, accompanied by weakness and nervous irritability, which made life a burden to me. Nothing but the simplest nutriment could remain in the stomach without pain. Sourness and windy evacuations, uncomfortable feelings in the head, bad taste in the mouth, catarrhal symptoms, inactivity of the liver and bowels, piles, general debility, and a nervous state of extreme susceptibility, made up a diseased condition rebellious to ordinary medical treatment. By the advice of an eminent physician of Boston, I commenced taking PERUVIAN SYRUP; at once I began to experience benefit. After taking three bottles all these bad feelings have left, my health is restored, and I enjoy life as well as ever. Most cheerfully do I recommend Peruvian Syrup."

A thirty-two-page pamphlet, containing a treatise on Iron as a medical agent and other valuable papers, testimonials from distinguished physicians, clergymen, and others, will be sent free to any address.

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston.

Special Notices.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and thrown it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &c.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, &c.

These Pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver, without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of consumption.—The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicine preserved in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. 1m49

FRANK MILLER'S HARNESS OIL received the highest and only award at the Centennial Exhibition.

CONSUMPTION

Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, all throat diseases and lung affections, also all nervous Complaints instantly relieved and ultimately cured by a specific recently discovered by a resident physician of Cairo, Egypt, and sent to me for use in my practice in this country. It having proved so efficacious I deem it my duty to make it known to all sufferers, and will, upon receipt of a three cent stamp, send the prescription free of charge.

Address, JOEL F. PERRY, M. D.,
P. O. Box 114, Buffalo, N. Y.

6m38

FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE and Water Proof Blacking received the highest and only award at the Centennial Exhibition. 3m46

Married.

In Augusta, Oct. 25, Charles H. Brown of Milford to Nellie M. Thayer.

In Auburn, Oct. 24, Wallace P. Dill to Sarah O. Blackwell; Oct. 25, Wm. T. Small to Emma J. Vickery; Oct. 26, Benj. B. Daicy to Nellie M. Cole.

In Brunswick, Oct. 24, Joel H. Weymouth of Bath to Mrs. Mary A. Putman; Oct. 19, Horatio S. Johnson to Mary E. Luce.

In Bath, Oct. 23, Moses Black of Phipsburg to Laura D. Curtis; Oct. 26, Francis King to Catherine E. Bodge.

In Biddeford, Oct. 23, Joseph A. Stackpole to Cora M. Falker.

In Bingham, Oct. 19, Chas. L. Turner to Ella N. Mallory.

In Brownville, Oct. 19, Loring L. Page to Alma L. Page.

In Bradford, Oct. 7, Manly G. Brackett to Ida M. Libby.

In Belfast, Oct. 25, Edward J. Morrison to Clara A. Mathews.

In Banner, Oct 21, Frank P. Tasker to Velona J. Palmer 3 Oct. 25, Jas. W. McClure to Rosa E. Burton.

In Boston, Sept. 23, Isaac Chandler Esq., to Lottie M. Cochrane.

In Chelsea, Oct. 24, Frederic Anderson to Emma W. Dingley, both of Hallowell.

In Canaan, Oct. 21, Wm. P. Brown to Mrs. Susie Thompson.

In Carmel, Oct. 19, H. N. Spratt to Mrs. Lizzie Small.

In Calais, Oct. 24, M. E. Hunt of Thorndike to Isabella Purdy.

In Cape Elizabeth, Oct. 28, John Melia to Georgie A. Willard.

In Dover, Oct. 11, Lyman A. Ireland to Nancy C. Page.

In Dixmont, Oct. 21, David Sampson to Ida M. Cook.

In Deering, Oct. 23, Edgar W. Rollins to Julia E. Wilbur.

In East Poland, Oct. 22, Rev. C. C. Covel to Hannah Davis.

In Etna, John Davis to Clarie Davis.

In Ellsworth, Oct. 11, Fred Kinney to Lizzie Morrill; Oct. 20, W. H. Cousins to Flora E. Ladd, both of Eden.

In Eden, Oct. 16, John R. Hadley to Laura M. Higgins.

In Eastbrook, Oct. 23, Freeman Y. Jordan to Augusta M. Robbins, both of Waltham.

In Eastport, Oct. 18, E. S. Buxton to Emma E. Stevens.

In Fayette, Sept. 7, John Carver to Emma J. Bean; Oct. 19, John H. Fray of Belgrade to Elmira F. Randall.

In Fairfield, Oct. 22, Wm. L. Young of Waterville to Florence Morse; Arno F. Owen to Matilda H. Hunter.

In Farmington, Oct. 15, Edward Skillings to Eliza A. Adams.

In Gardiner, Oct. 18, Weston Lewis to Eleaner W. Partridge; Oct. 29, Frank A. Spaulding to Annie Glazier.

In Gray, Thomas Skillings to M. A. Morse.

In Guilford, Oct. 20, Walter F. Gilman of Dover to Eva L. Stevens.

In Hallowell, Oct. 23, Justin C. Rogers to Flora York.

In Hampden, Oct. 24, Walter A. Crogan to Lydia E. Sweet of Winterport.

In Hartland, Oct. 18, Dani. J. Holt to Mary Fowler of Pittsfield; Charles W. Trickey to Hattie S. Hoyt.

In Kennebunk, Daniel H. Cleaves to Lizzie A. Libby.

In Litchfield, Oct. 19, A. Hutchinson to Mary L. Toothaker.

In Lewiston, Oct. 16, Joshua M. Nash to Sadie C. Erwing; Oct. 23, Levi S. Ware Jr., to Lura A. Wentworth.

In Lisbon, Oct. 22, David F. Curtis to Tener O. Totman; Oct. 25, Curtis Fickett to Julia A. Hunnewell.

In Lisbon Falls, Oct. 18, R. Savage to Frances A. Hunnewell of Arrowash.

In Lebanon, Oct. 16, Wm. H. Ross to Emma P. Hussey.

In Lincolnville, Oct. 13, Calvin W. Taylor to Julia E. Ordway.

In Littleton, Oct. 24, Samuel B. Rhoda of Hodgdon to Lizzie Hone.

In Madison, Oct. 8, Llewellyn P. Churchill to Flora Taylor of Anson; Oct. 19, Samuel S. Day to Augusta L. Jones.

In Machias, Oct. 21, Walter Harris to Emma Higgins.

In Machiasport, Oct. 14, James B. Larrabee to Josephine W. Robbins.

In Monticello, Sept. 24, Delbick O. Curtis to Mary A. Gould; Oct. 15, Geo. Mitchell of Houlton to Elsie Newcomb.

In No. Yarmouth, Oct. 18, Frederick A. Bruce to Persis B. Herrick.

In Naples, Oct. 7, Lagrove M. Sanborn to Julia A. Garry of Sebago.

In North Buxton, Oct. 22, Granville T. Thompson to Louisa S. Perry.

In North Haven, Oct. 14, Alden S. Harwood to Clara E. Brown of Vinalhaven.

In Pembroke, Oct. 17, Clarence L. Stevens to Stattie L. Smith.

In Portland, Oct. 17, Geo. W. St. John to Alice A. Raney; Oct. 20, Dr. Israel T. Dana to Caroline B. Lyman; Oct. 25, Edwin R. Higgins to Delia M. Longfellow.

In Rockland, Oct. 21, Thos. E. Carpenter to Marilla M. Swift.

In Round Pond, Oct. 12, Samuel W. Carter to Vena E. Cudworth.

In Skowhegan, Oct. 22, Wm. Parker to Rose E. Fowler; Oct. 24, E. W. Williams to Mary B. Kerswell; Oct. 22, Alonzo R. Herrin to Ellen F. Linnels; Oct. 10, Wm. Rich to Nellie T. Byron.

In Strong, Sept. 30, Albert Hinkley to Matilda McKeen.

In Steuben, Oct. 18, Chas. A. Campbell to Ellie E. Soule.

In Saco, Oct. 3, James C. Jordan to Belle Brooks.

In Stamford, Conn., Oct. 6, Col. Joseph Noble, Treasury Department, formerly of Augusta, to Lida C. Brown.

In Thomaston, Capt. Harrison Emery to M. Addie Moody.

In Topsham, Oct. 12, M. B. Graves to Etta Staples.

In Tremont, Oct. 15, Martin C. Lurvey to Nellie M. Searey; Oct. 21, Sarah Norwood.

In Winthrop, Oct. 25, Hon. J. W. Fairbanks of Farmington to Henrietta F. S. Wood.

In Waterville, Oct. 21, Thomas L. Spaulding to Thankful Reynolds; Oct. 26, Michael O'Keef to Maggie Carberry.

In West Waterville, Oct. 18, Caleb A. Wilber to Mrs. Lizzie Warren; Oct. 19, Henry A. Howard to Lizzie A. Berry.

In Wilton, Oct. 17, Harlan P. Jones to Nellie O. Reed of Boston.

At Wells Depot, Rev. Z. Andrews of Woodstock to Mrs. Dollie H. Frost of Boston.

Died.

In Augusta, Oct. 30, Charles Stilkey, aged 67 yrs.
In Auburn, Oct. 25, Mary O'Neal, aged 25½ yrs.
In Bath, Oct. 23, Jotham H. Carleton, aged 54 yrs; Oct. 31, Margaret, widow of George Barton, aged 54 years.
In Belfast, Sept. 26, Mrs. Sarah W. Tolman, aged 31 years; Oct. 11, Lulie, daughter of Thomas S. Cottrell, aged 1½ years.
In Bowdoin, Oct. 21, Nath'l G. Cornish, aged 56 years.
In Bethel, Oct. 12, Mrs. Esther C. Oliver, aged 84 years.
In Bangor, Oct. 18, Lydia M. Southard, aged 53 years; Charles H. Pond, aged 42 years; Oct. 21, Mrs. Amanda J. Dean, aged 41 years.
In Boston, Oct. 23, Rebecca J. Hutchinson, aged 63 years.
In Baltimore, Md., Sept. 18, Lilian M., daughter of Capt. Geo. Emery, formerly of Thomaston, aged 23 years.
In Chesterville, Oct. 16, Rebecca, wife of Zadoc Ireland, aged 78 years.
In Camden, Oct. 17, Mrs. Rufus Benson, aged 60 years.
In Cushing, Oct. 23, Meaubeck M. Payson, aged 45 years.
In Chelsea, Mass., Oct. 9, Mrs. Ellen P. Sargent, daughter of Elias Knowlton, aged 42 years.
In Deering, Oct. 23, Joseph Maxfield, aged 64 yrs; Oct. 26, Nelson W. Richardson, aged 46 years.
In Dyer Brook, Oct. 13, Abbie Bell, daughter of S. D. Philpot, aged 4½ years.
In East Vassalboro, Oct. 25, Freddie, aged 1½ yrs, Lottie, aged 3 years, children of Wheeler Rowell.
In East Corinth, Oct. 22, Mrs. Lois G. Megquier, aged 76½ years.
In Eddington, Oct. 17, Elias Knowlton, aged 74 yrs.
In East Surry, Oct. 24, Mrs. Abbie A. Smith, aged 47½ years.
In Ellsworth, Oct. 21, Mrs. Delia Saunders, aged 49½ years.
In Ferry Village, Oct. 28 Elinor G., wife of Caleb Dyer, aged 58 years.
In Gardiner, Oct. 13, Mrs. Lydia J. Hollis, aged 59 years.
In Gray, Oct. 24, Nellie F. Lunt, aged 2½ years.
In Hallowell, Sept. 23, Frank Maines of Newport, aged 21½ years.
In Hartland, Oct. 16, Plummer T. Haskell, aged 37 years.
In Harrison, Oct. 13, Elijah Scribner, aged 76 yrs.
In Kingsbury, Sept. 31, Lucy H., wife of Hiram Kelley, aged 67 years.
In Litchfield, Oct. 10, Amasa Wheeler, aged 44 yrs.
In Monmouth, Oct. 18, Keziah Cole, aged 50 yrs.
In Mechanic Falls, Sept. 24, Mabel E. Gurney, aged 18½ years.
In Milford, Oct. 15, Ann, wife of George Brown, aged 63 years.
In Machias, Oct. 20, Mrs. Wm. H. Manning.
In Marshfield, Oct. 21, Melissa M., wife of Joseph F. Barney, aged 34½ years.
In North Yarmouth, Oct. 24, John H. Merrill, aged 58 years.
In New Limerick, Oct. 17, Nellie G. Monahan.
In Portland, Oct. 24, Mary R., widow of Dr. Saml. S. Hanson, aged 65 years; Oct. 27, Maria, aged 6½ years; Oct. 22, Fannie E. Ames, aged 13½ years; Oct. 26, Charlotte, wife of David Webber; Oct. 27, Sophia, wife of Nahum Libby, aged 76 years.
In Parkman, Oct. 13, Betsey, widow of Jonathan Austin, aged 80½ years.
In Pittsfield, Oct. 17, Daniel Runnells aged 73 yrs.
In Rockland, Oct. 19, Carrie J., daughter of Jacob W. Lamb, aged 15½

Poetry.

L'envoi.

BY ELINOR GRAY.

Fair evening star, I watch you rise,
And fondly, vainly dream
That even now my Love's bright eyes
Flash back your lucent beams.

And if indeed, oh, happy star!—
It be your envied bliss
To guard my darling, though afar,—
I pray you tell her this:

That every tree and leaf and flower,
And every song of bird,
The crickets' chirp at evening hour,
Sharp, thro' the stillness heard;

All autumn sounds that in the air
Faintly or loudly stir,
The autumn sadness everywhere—
Speak to my soul of her.

That every hour of every day
Her precious image fills;
That my true heart will own her sway
Till death its throbbing stills.

Flash! evening star, and give my dear
This message faithfully;
And from her eyes, deep dark and clear
Bring back reply to me.

—*Golden Rule.*

Our Story Teller.

THE THREE SOULS.

A German Student's Story.

CHAPTER I.

In 1805 I was passing my sixth year of philosophy at Heidelberg. Do you know a University existence? It is an existence "a la grand seigneur." One rises at mid-day, smokes one's pipe, drinks one or two glasses of schnaps, then buttoning one's coat up to one's chin, and placing one's cap over one's left ear, one proceeds tranquilly to listen, for one half hour, to the celebrated Professor Hasenkopf holding forth on all things in heaven and earth, every one being at liberty to yawn and sleep as much as he feels inclined. The lecture finished, one adjourns to the restaurant, one stretches one's legs under the table; pretty servant girls, in black taffeta bodices, run about with plates of sausages, slices of ham, and cans of strong beer. One whistles the air from the "Brigands" of Schiller, one drinks, one eats. One whistles to his dog Hector, another seizes Charlotte or Gredel by the waist. Sometimes quarrels ensue. blows follow, pewter pots tremble, jugs fall. The gensd'arme arrives, you are seized, and go to pass the night at the station-house.

So pass days, months, and years! One meets at Heidelberg young princes, dukes, and barons; also the sons of cobblers and other honest trades people. The young "tufts" keep to themselves, but all the rest meet together most amicably.

I was then thirty-two years of age, my beard had some grey hairs in it; beer, pipes and sauer kraut began to sink in my esteem. I experienced the want of some change. As to Professor Hasenkopf, all his lectures, on every mortal subject under the sun, formed a regular potpourri in my head. I seemed to have got to the end of all science. Often I cried out, stretching myself, "It is not good to know too much, Kasper Zaan, nature has no more illusions for you; you can only exclaim dolefully with the wise king, "*Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas.*"

Such was my melancholy state, when, towards the end of the spring of this year 1815, a terrible event taught me that I did not know everything, and that the career of philosophy is not a path strewn entirely with roses.

Amongst the number of my old comrades was one called Wolfgang Scharf, the most inflexible logician that I ever met. Imagine a little man, with deep-set eyes, white eyelashes, red hair, hollow cheeks covered with a ragged bush of hair, and broad shoulders covered almost with rags. To see him creeping along the side of a wall, a loaf under his arm, with ardent eyes and stooping figure, you would have thought of an old Tom cat seeking his beloved. But Wolfgang thought of nothing but metaphysics; for five or six years he had lived on bread and water, in a garret of the Vieilles Boucheries; never had a bottle of beer or a flask of Rhine wine calmed his scientific ardour; never had a slice of ham weighed down the course of his sublime meditation. So the poor devil gave a fright to look at him: I say fright, for, in spite of his look of apparent consumption, there was in his bony frame a terrible strength, the muscles of his hands and arms stood ou tlike iron bands—besides, his averted look forbade pity. This strange being, in the midst of his voluntary isolation, seemed to have a certain regard for me alone; he would come to see me from time to time, and, gravely seated in my arm-chair, his fingers twitching with convulsive movements, he would make me acquainted with his metaphysical musings.

"Kasper," he said in a dry voice, "Kasper, what is the soul? What do you think about it?"

"I, Wolfgang; I say with Lactana that I know nothing, I am epicurean by nature. Now, according to the epicureans, all judgment comes from the senses; and, as the soul does not fall under the sway of the senses, I cannot judge of it."

"But, Kasper, remark how numbers of animals such as insects and fishes, live deprived of one or many senses. Who knows if we possess them all?—if some do not exist of which we have not even an idea? It is possible, but, being doubtful, I will express no opinion. Do you believe, Kasper, that one may know something without having learnt it?"

"No; all science proceeds from experience or study."

"But then, comrad, how comes it that the little chickens, on being hatched, begin to run about at once, to take for themselves their food? How do they discover the hawk in the midst of the clouds, and run to hide under their mother's wings? Have they learned in the egg to recognize their enemy?"

"It is instinct, Wolgang; all animals obey their instincts."

"Then it appears that instinct consists in knowing what one has never learnt?"

"Oh," cry I, "what do I know about it? You ask too much." He smiled with a disdainful air, threw a mantle on his shoulders, and departed without another word. I believed him a madman, but of the most innocent sort. Who would have imagined that the passion for metaphysics could become dangerous?

Soon after this the old cake woman, Catherine Wogel, suddenly disappeared! The good woman, her little stall suspended round her neck by a rose-colored ribbon, was in the habit of appearing at the restaurant every morning at 11 o'clock.

The students joked freely with her, and she would laugh and hold her sides as she remembered the follies of her youth.

"Ah, yes," she would say, "one has not always been fifty years of age; one has passed some happy half-hours. Well, after all, do I repent? Ah,—if these times could come again!"

She would sigh, and every one laughed. Her disappearance was remarked the third day. "Whatever can have become of Catharine? Can she be ill?—she seemed so particularly jolly the last time she was here."

We heard the police were making inquiries after her. For my part, I did not doubt that the good woman was a little overcome by Kirsch-wasser," and had fallen one evening into the river.

The next morning, in coming from Hasenkopf's lecture, I met Wolfgang. Hardly had he seen me when he came to me with sparkling eyes, saying, "I was looking for you, Kasper. The hour of triumph has sounded, follow me." His look, his gesture, his paleness betrayed extreme agitation, and as he seized my arm and led me toward Tanneur street, I could not help feeling a sort of indefinable fear, without having the courage to resist. The lane that we followed led behind the minster, into one of the poorest and most miserable parts of Heidelberg.

At some moments men lose all presence of mind. I did not even think of asking Wolfgang where we were going. After the populous quarters of want and poverty, we came to the deserted street of Les Vieilles Boucheries.

All at once Wolfgang, whose cold hand seemed fastened on my wrist, led me into a building between the old hay-lofts of the Landwher, now long abandoned, and the stalls of the slaughter-house. "Go first," he said. I went along a wall at the end of which was a winding staircase of broken stairs. We mounted in the midst of the rubbish, and, although my companion did not cease saying in an impatient voice, "Go higher—higher up," I stopped sometime, seized with fear, under pretext of taking breath and examining the sombre dwelling, but really deliberating whether I should turn and fly.

At last we arrived at the foot of a ladder. But madness it appears is catching. So I climbed up—he behind me. I arrived at the top; I put my foot on the dusty floor. I looked around; it was an immense loft, the roof pierced by three skylights—a little table covered by books and papers in the middle—the beams crossing over our heads in the light. Impossible to look out; the skylights ten or twelve feet above the floor. I did not perceive at the first moment a low door, and a large air-hole at an ordinary height at the gable end. Wolfgang, without saying a word, pushed near me a box that served him for a seat, and taking in both his hands a jug of water, drank abundantly, while I watched him dreamily.

"We are at the top of the old slaughter-house," said he with a strange smile, placing his jug on the floor, "the Council has voted for funds to build a new one outside the town. I have lived here for five years without paying a kreutzer of rent—not a soul has come to disturb my studies." Then sitting down on some logs in the corner. "Now," said he, let us come to the facts; are you quite sure, Kasper, that we have a soul?"

"Now, look here, Wolfgang," said I, with some temper, "if you have brought me all the way here to talk metaphysics, you are highly mistaken. I was just coming from old Hasenkopf's lecture, and was going to get my breakfast at the restaurant when you stopped me. I have taken my dose for today, that's enough. So, say what you've got to say, and let me go and feed."

"What! You only live to eat?" said he, roughly, "Do you know that I have passed whole days without touching a morsel, from love of science?"

"Well, every one to his taste. You live on arguments and syllogisms, I on sausages and beer. What would you have; it is my nature!"

He had become very pale, and his lips trembled, but mastering his anger, "Kasper," said he, "if you will not answer me, listen at least to my explanations. Man has a need of admirers, and I wish you to admire me. I wish you to be overwhelmed by the sublime discovery I have made. One hour of attention, for ten years of conscientious study is, I think, not too much to ask."

"Well, so be it. I'll listen, but be quick."

His face was again convulsed, and I began to reflect; I regretted I had climbed the ladder, and I put on an attentive air not to irritate the maniac. My meditative face seemed to calm him a little, for, after some minutes of silence, he said, "You are hungry. Well, here is my bread, here is my crust; eat, drink—but listen."

"Never mind, Wolfgang, I will listen to you without that."

He smiled bitterly and proceeded.

"Not only we have a soul, a fact admitted from the earliest historical times. From the plants to man everything lives—they are animated—they have a soul. There is no need for six years of study with Hasenkopf to make this answer. Yes, all organized beings have more or less a soul. But the more their organization is perfected, the more it is complicated, and the more souls they have. This is what distinguishes animated beings one from the other.

The plant has but one soul—the vegetable soul—its function is simple and unique; it has for its object alone, nutrition by the air by the means of its leaves, and by the earth by the means of its roots.

The animal has two souls—first, the vegetable soul, the functions of which are the same as in the plants, nutrition by the lungs and intestines, which are veritable vegetables; and the animal soul which has sensibility, and the organ of which is the heart.

Lastly, man has three souls: the vegetable soul, the animal soul—the functions of which are exercised as among the brutes—and the human soul, which has reason and intelligence, the organ of which is the brain. The more the animal approaches to man, by the perfection of his cerebral organization, the more he participates in his third soul. Such animals are the dog, the horse, the elephant; but the man of genius possesses it alone in all the plenitude of its power."

Here Wolfgang stopped for some instants and fixing his eyes on me, "Well," said he, "what have you to say?"

"That it is a theory, like many others, the proof of it only is wanting."

A sort of wild exultation appeared in Wolfgang; he started up, raising his hands, and crying, "Yes, yes, the proof is wanting. This is what has devoured my soul for the last ten years; this was the cause of so much watching, suffering, and privations! For it was upon me, Kasper, upon myself, that I wished at first to experimentalise. Constant fasting impressed upon my spirit more and more this sublime conviction, without it being possible for me to establish conclusively any proof of what I say; but at last it is found. I have it. You shall hear the three souls manifest themselves, proclaim themselves; you shall hear them!"

After this explosion of enthusiasm, which gave me cold shudders, it showed so much energy and fanaticism, he became suddenly cold, and sitting down, with his elbows on the table, he went on, pointing to one side of the high wall.

"The proof is there behind that wall. You shall see it soon, but before that you must follow the progressive march of my ideas. You know the opinion of the ancients on the nature of souls. They admitted four united in one man: *caro*, the flesh, a mixture of earth and water, that death dissolves; *manes*, the phantom that hovers round the tombs, its name from *manere* to remain; *umbra*, the shadow, more in material than the *manes*; at last, *spiritus*, the spirit, the immaterial substance that rises towards the gods. This classification seemed to me a just one; it remained to destroy the human being, to establish the distinct existence of the three souls. Reason told that each man before attaining to his final development, must have passed through the stages of the plant and the animal; in other terms that Pythagoras had seen the reality without being able to furnish the demonstration. Well, I resolved to determine this problem. I must extinguish in myself successively the three souls, then reanimate them. I had to recourse to severe fasting. Unhappily, the human soul, to let the animal soul act freely, should succumb first. Hunger prevented me from observing correctly the state of the animal soul in exhausting myself. I had put myself out of the power of judging correctly. After a crowd of unsuccessful efforts on my own organization, I became aware that there was but one way to attain to the end; it was to act upon another. But who would lend themselves for this sort of observation?"

Wolfgang paused, bit his lip, and added in a brusque tone, "I was obliged to have a subject at all hazards; I resolved to make an experiment *in anima vili?*"

At these words I trembled. This man was then, capable of anything. "Do you understand me?" said he.

"Perfectly. You wanted a victim."

"To dissect," he added, coldly.

"And you have found one?"

"Yes. I promised that you should hear the three souls. That will be difficult now, perhaps; but yesterday you would have heard them howling, roaring, imploring, gnashing the teeth one after the other!"

A cold shiver came over me. Wolfgang calmly lit a little lamp that he generally used for his studies, and said, approaching the air-hole on the left, "Look, come and look, and then listen!"

It spite of the most fatal presentiments, in spite of the secret terrors that agitated me, I looked thorugh the dark aperture.—Then, by the pale rays of the lamp I saw an obscure retreat, from which there was no exit save through the garret. I imagined that it was one of those closets where the butchers left the skins, before sending them to the tanners. It was empty, and for several seconds I only saw this dungeon full of shadows.

"Look well," said Wolfgang to me in a low voice; "Do you not see a bundle of clothes in the corner?" It is old Catherine Wogel, the cake seller, who—"

He had no time to finish his sentence, for a piercing and savage cry, like that of a cat if you tread on her, rose on the air; a wild creature started up and seemed to endeavor to climb the walls by the help of its nails. As for me, more dead than alive, my forehead bathed in a cold sweat, I drew back, calling out, "Oh! it is horrible!"

"Have you heard her?" said Wolfgang, his whole face illuminated by an infernal joy; "is it not just the cry of a cat? Ha, ha! This woman before becoming a human being was no doubt either a cat or a panther. Now, the beast shows itself. Oh, hunger! Hunger, and especially thirst, works wonders—"

He did not look at me. A fearful satisfaction was perceptible in his look, his attitude and his smile. The cries of the unfortunate woman ceased. The madman, having placed his lamp on the table, went on—

"She has fasted for four days. I got her here under the pretext of selling her a little keg of kirsch-wasser. I made her go into the hole, and then I shut her in. Her love for drink has been her death; she now expiates her immoderate thirst. Ha, ha!—The first two days the human soul remained in all its vigor. She supplicated, she implored, she proclaimed her innocence, saying that she had never done me any harm, and that I had no right over her. Then anger appeared, she covered me with reproaches, called me a monster and a wretch, etc. The third day, which was yesterday, Wednesday, the human soul completely disappeared. The cat showed her claws. It was hungry, it began to mew, to howl; luckily we were in a lonely place. Last night the people in the Rue des Tanneurs must have thought a regular battle of cats was going on here. You never heard such a noise. Now, when the beast will be exhausted, do you know, Kasper, what will happen? The vegetable soul will have its turn; that is what perishes the last. You know it has been noticed that the hair and nails of corpses will grow even underground, even in the skull a sort of lichen is formed, which is supposed to be a moss engendered by the juices of the brain. At last the vegetable soul ends too. You see, Kasper, the proof of the three souls is quite complete."

These words sounded in my ears like the ravings of delirium in the most horrible nightmare. The cry of Catherine Wogel had penetrated to the very narrow of my bones. All at once I roused myself from this moral stupor—righteous indignation gained the mastery. I started up, and seizing the maniac by the throat and dragging him towards the ladder, I cried, "Miserable creature; who gave you permission to lay your hand on your neighbor, on a creature of God, to satisfy your inhuman curiosity? I shall deliver you myself into the hands of justice."

He was so much surprised at the suddenness of my attack; his act seemed so simple to himself, that at first he offered no resistance, and let himself be dragged towards the ladder without answering me; but then, turning suddenly with the suppleness of some wild beast he seized me by the neck, his eyes flaming, his lips foaming, and his hand, like a grasp of iron, raised me from the ground, and fixed me against the wall, while with the other hand he opened the lock of the closet. Comprehending then his intention, I made a terrible effort to disengage myself; but this man had a supernatural strength. After a short and desperate struggle I felt myself for a second time caught up and thrown into space, while above me echoed these words:—

"So perish the flesh! So triumph the immortal soul!"

And I hardly touched the bottom of the closet, bruised and exhausted, than the heavy door closed on me, so that I saw no more the faint light of the garret.

CHAPTER II.

In falling to the bottom of the hole, and feeling myself taken like a rat in a trap, my consternation was such that I raised myself without uttering a sound. "Kasper," I said to myself, with a strange calmness, and leaning against the wall. "It now only remains for you to devour the old woman or to be devoured by her. Choose. As to getting out of this filthy place, it is lost time thinking of it. Wolfgang holds you in his clutches, he will not let you go. The walls are of freestone, and the floor thick planks of oak. No one saw you coming down the Rue des Tanneurs; no one knows you in this part of the town; no one would think of looking for you here. It is finished, Kasper; it is all over! Your last resource is the poor Catherine Wogel or rather you are the last resource of another!"

All this passed through my mind like a flash of lightning. I was seized with a shivering which lasted more or less for three hours, and when at the same moment the pale head of Wolfgang, with his little lamp, appeared at the air-hole, and that with clasped hands, I attempted to speak to him, I perceived that I stammered atrociously—not a word would pass my trembling lips, and I heard him murmur in the silence.—"The coward—he is praying to me." This was too much for me; I fell on my face on the ground, and I should have fainted had not the fear of being attacked by the old woman brought me to myself. But she had not yet moved. Wolfgang had disappeared. I heard him walking about the garret, moving his table, coughing a little dry cough. My hearing was so unnaturally acute, that the least noise made me start. I heard the woman yawn, and turning, I perceived for the first time, her eyes glittering in the gloom; at the same time I heard Wolfgang descend the ladder, and I counted the steps one by one, until they died away in the distance. Where was the wretch gone? I know not, but during all that day and the following night he did not return. It was not till next evening, towards eight o'clock, when the woman and I were howling fit to bring the walls down, that he arrived. I had not closed an eye. I felt no more fear or rage—only hunger, devouring hunger, and I knew it would only increase.

But hardly had a slight sound been heard in the garret than I was silent and raised my eyes. The hole was illumined, Wolfgang had lighted his lamp; no doubt, he was coming to see me.

In this hope I prepared a touching prayer, but the lamp was extinguished; no one came! It was, perhaps, the most awful moment of my sufferings. I said to myself that Wolfgang, knowing that I was not yet exhausted, did not deign to cast his eyes on me; that I was only in his eyes an interesting study, who would not be ripe for science for two or three days yet—between life and death. I felt as if my hair was whitening slowly on my head. It was true; it did whiten in this moment. At last my terror became such that I lost all consciousness. Towards midnight I was roused by the touch of a body. I bounded from my place in disgust.

The old woman had approached, attracted by hunger. Her hands were fastened in my clothes; at the same time the cries of the cat filled the place, and froze me with horror.

I expected a terrible struggle, but the unhappy creature had no more strength; it was her fifth day. Then the words of Wolfgang came back to my memory—"Once the animal soul extinct, the vegetable soul comes in; the hair and nails grow underground, and the green moss takes roots in the interstices of the skull." I thought of the old woman in this state—her skull covered with green lichen—and I lying near her; our souls spinning their humid vegetation, one next to the other, in silence! This image so filled my mind that I felt no more the pangs of hunger.

Stretched against the wall, my eyes wide open, I looked before me without seeing anything. But as I was thus more dead than alive, a faint light appeared. I raised my eyes. The pale face of Wolfgang was at the hole. He did not smile; he did not appear to feel joy, satisfaction, or remorse, he watched me! Oh! how that face killed all hope! If he had laughed, if he had enjoyed his vengeance, I might have hoped to move him; but he only observed me.

We remained thus, the eyes of each other fixed on the other—I, filled with terror; he cold, calm, attentive, as if looking on an inanimate object.

I was to die to satisfy the curiosity of a monster? I comprehended that any prayer would be useless, and I said nothing.

After having looked at me in this way, the madman, without doubt content with his observations, turned his head to look at the woman.

I followed mechanically the direction of his glance.

That which I saw I can find no description for in the human tongue; a ghastly head, the body so shrivelled and emaciated that the bones seemed to pierce through the rags that covered them! A death's head, wild hair in dishevelled masses round it, and in the midst brilliant eyes burning with fever; and long yellow teeth. And when I had seen all this, by the faint glimmer of the lamp falling like a thread amidst the darkness, I closed my eyes with a convulsive movement, saying to myself, "That is how I shall be in five days."

When I opened my eyes, the lamp had vanished.

"Wolfgang," I cried, "God is above us—God sees us—Wolfgang, cursed monster."

The rest of the night passed in a sort of delirium. After having thought of every possible means of escape, and finding none, all at once I made a resolution to die calmly. I went over in my mind all the arguments of Hasenkopf on the immortality of the soul, and from the first time, I found in them convincing force.

"Yes," I cried, "this world is nothing but a time of trial. Injustice, avarice, and the most fatal passions reign in the hearts of men. The weak is crushed by the strong; the poor by the rich. Virtue is but a name on earth; but all will be in strict justice after death. God sees the injustice to which I have fallen a victim. He will take account of the sufferings which I endure; He will pardon my unruly appetite, my excessive love for good living. Before admitting me into His Kingdom He would purify me by rigorous fastings. I offer my sufferings, unto the Lord," etc.

In spite of my profound contrition, I must confess to you my dear friends, that regret for the restaurant, my joyous comrades, that jolly existence that passed in the midst of songs and good wines, drew from me many a sigh. I heard the crackling of the fish fried in the stove, the corks drawn from the bottles, the clanking of the beer cans, and my stomach groaned like a living person; it formed in some way a being apart from my being, and protested loudly against all the philosophical arguments of Hasenkopf.

The worst part of my sufferings was thirst. It became so intolerable at this point that I licked the saltpetre off the wall to refresh myself. When day appeared through the skylight I had a sudden attack of useless fury.

"The wretch is there." I said to myself; "he has bread—a jug of water—he drinks!"

I imagined him lifting his great jug to his lips. I seemed to see the torrents of water passing slowly down his throat. It seemed a delicious river that flowed—flowed not to finish—and I saw his miserable throat work up and down, and his stomach filled. Rage, despair and indignation filled me, and I began to cry aloud, running round the cell, "Water, water, water!"

And the old woman rousing up, repeated behind me, like a mad woman, "Water, water, water!"

She crawled after me—her rags fluttering—nothing more terrible could have been seen.

In the middle of the scene the wan face of Wolfgang appeared for the third time; it was nearly eight o'clock. Stopping, I said to him, "Wolfgang, listen; let me only drink a mouthful from your jug. I will let you starve me—I will not say a word!"—And I wept.

"It is too barbarous of you," I resumed, "your immortal soul will have to answer for this before God. I have studied; I find your system very fine; I am worthy of understanding it; I admire you. Let me only have a drop of water. What would it matter to you? I have never heard of such a sublime conception as yours; it is quite certain the three souls exist. Yes, I will proclaim it; will be your firmest adherent.—Will you let me have some water!"

Without answering, he retired. My fury then knew no bounds. I dashed myself against the walls, and called the wretch by every vile name I could think of.

In the middle of my fury I perceived all at once that the old woman was crouching in a corner, and the idea suddenly came to drink her blood. Extreme necessity drives men to excesses that make one shudder; then the wild beasts wakes; all feelings of justice and benevolence vanish before the instinct of self-preservation.

"What is the use of her having any blood?" I said to myself. "Must she not soon perish? If I wait, all of it will be dried up!" Red flames passed before my eyes. Happily, as I bent towards the unfortunate creature my strength abandoned me, and I fell forwards in a dead faint near her, my face in her rags.

How long this lasted I cannot tell, but I was roused from it by a most extraordinary circumstance, which has ever since remained engraven on my memory. I was roused from it by the howling of a dog—that sound so pitiful, so agonizing, which is more touching almost than the cries of a man, and which one cannot hear without suffering also. I raised myself, my face bathed in tears, not knowing from whence the sound proceeded. I listened; and judge of my stupefaction when I discovered that it was myself who was making the sounds, without wishing or knowing that I did so.—From this moment all is dark to me.

It is certain that I remained two days longer in the cell, under the eye of the madman, who, triumphant at the success of his experiment, could not refrain from bringing several of our philosophers, that they might express their admiration of his genius. Six weeks afterwards, I woke up in my little room in the Rue du Plat d'Etain, and found myself surrounded by my comrades, who congratulated me heartily on having escaped from this lesson on transcendental philosophy.

It was a pathetic moment when Ludwig Bremer brought me a glass, and, seeing myself more of a skeleton than Lazarus in coming from his tomb, I could not suppress my tears. The poor Catherine Wogel was no more. As for me, thanks to my good constitution, and especially to the care of Dr. Aloins Rillan, I recovered my ordinary health. I have much pleasure in rendering this testimony to M. Rillan. He performed quite a *chef d'œuvre* in restoring a stomach nearly destroyed by starvation.

I need not say that justice fell on the miserable Wolfgang; but instead of being hung, as he deserved, it was decided after six months' trial that this abominable being came under the category of mystic maniacs, the most dangerous of any. He was sent to the asylum of Klingenmunster in Rhenish Bavaria, where visitors may still hear him holding forth, in a peremptory voice, on the three souls. He accuses humanity of base ingratitude, and says it would only have been just to have raised a statue to him in honor of his magnificent discovery.

The Man who Gave Odds.

After a stranger had finished eating a hearty meal at one of the stands in the City Hall Market, yesterday, he remarked to the woman:

"As I was sitting down to this meal I said to myself that I'd bet one dollar against the dinner that the greenback candidates would not carry a single State. If they do you have won the dollar and shall have it."

"I want thirty-five cents of you," she replied, pulling off her comforter.

"Or I'll bet you five dollars against a meal that the Democrats carry New York State," he continued.

"I want my pay, or there'll be trouble right here!" she exclaimed, slipping off her bonnet.

"Or I'll bet the same sum on the same terms that the Republicans will carry it," he remarked, as he wiped off his sandy goatee.

"I never bet, and I want my pay!" she called out, being now all ready for action.

"Great Heavens! but look at the odds I offer you!" he gasped. "I not only let you bet on either side, but I offer you the most fearful odds that have ever been given since the advent of the Christian era!"

"I can't help the odds," she answered, as she got hold of his coat tails. "You don't leave here till I get my money."

"Or, I'll bet you thirty-five dollars against this thirty-five cent debt," he went on, "that neither Hayes nor Tilden will be elected. One of them must be, but I offer to bet they won't be, simply to permit you to coin thirty-five dollars out of my hard earnings. Great Jigs! but such another offer was never known since Oliver Cromwell kept a fighting dog!"

"Thirty-five cents!" she shrieked, pulling him around.

"Last, but not least, I'll bet you forty to one that I haven't had thirty-five cents about me for a month! Come, now, I offer you every chance to win."

She gave him two solid kicks, and was designing and drafting a third, when he made a bolt and left a coat tail in her grasp. While an officer was looking for him around the market he was placidly surveying the Soldiers' Monument and picking his teeth with a straw—*Detroit Free Press.*

A $100 Kiss.

Edwin Booth is proverbially opposed to having his private trumpet blown, but a little incident of his overland trip is too good to be lost. it seems that in the same parlor-car with the tragedian and his family was a lady more remarkable for the loudness of her style and the gorgeousness of her jewelry than for her refinement. This "water fly" not only conceived the most intense passion for the pet of the stage, but took especial pains to make it manifest—an interest that seemed to be only the more inflamed by the apparent profound indifference of Mr. Booth to her presence. She repeatedly stated, among other things, that she "would give a hundred dollars to kiss that divine Booth just once."

At Omaha a poor emigrant attracted the attention of the travellers as they returned to the car after dinner. He had started for California, but had been robbed while asleep and was without funds to go on or even to procure food. Our American "Hamlet's" generosity in days of his golden fortune is proverbial. Mr. Booth put his hand in his pocket, through sheer force of habit, and without a word handed the poor devil a hundred dollar note. As he did this his eye fell upon his gorgeous admirer, who was standing near. With the sweeping stride of the melancholy Dane he went up abruptly to her and asked, "Did you say you would give a hundred dollars to kiss me?" The lady was staggered for a moment, but with the true western determination not to be bluffed replied, "I did," and opened a plethoric purse defiantly. The star deliberately passed his arm around her neck, and giving her a sounding smack held out his hand for the fee. This was given him. Booth wheeled around, forced it into the emigrant's hand, saying simply, "There's another," and, without changing his countenance or taking any further notice of the kisses, passed into the car. Even Mrs. B. forebore to "wool him" under the circumstances.

Singular Showers.

History tells us of showers of blood which were red sand and water, and showers of frogs from neighboring ponds, and in 1839 an English officer residing near Calcutta saw a quantity of live fish, each about three inches long and all of one kind, descend in a small shower of rain. In 1839 Major Forbes Mackenzie of Fodderty, in Rossshire, found his farm covered with herrings-fry, fresh and entire; and as the easiest explanation of how they came there, he naturaly concluded that they had fallen from the sky. In 1804 Professor Pontus, of Cahors, communicated to the French Academy the particulars of a shower of frogs near Toulouse, and in proof that the lively batrachians had dropped out of the upper air, confidently pointed to two of them that he had seen on the cloak of a gentleman caught in the rain. He said—but it is not known that the academ'cians believed him—that in the road the frogs had fallen four deep. Such phenomena, when the accounts of men are believed, are commonly accounted for on the supposition that a whirlwind catches up the fish into the air and blows them landward, or scoops up a whole pondful of frogs and distributes them about the country.

☞A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness was addressed by the president of the court martial: "Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in your defence?" "Nothing, please your honor, but habitual thirst!"

☞A wag tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf of the parable was a male or female. "Female, to be sure," was the reply; "for I see the male," looking tae questioner full in the face, "yet alive in the flesh before me."

The Chinese Exhibits.

One of the most attractive displays made by any country or nation in the Main Building is that of Hu Quang Yung, otherwise known as Hu Tuen Tzen (Great Man). He is a most eminent man in China, a pink button mandarin, and the greatest and beyond all question the wealthiest banker in the empire, having branches established in every principal city and town. As a collector of ancient and valuable specimens of Chinese art he has deservedly great European and Asiatic reputation. He is represented at the International Exposition by his worthy nephew, Wu Ying Ding, who, though still young, has already attained great distinction. He is a mandarin of the blue button, or fourth class, is intelligent and well educated, speaking Anglo-Saxon with remarkable fluency, and is an honor alike to his relative and his nation. Hu Tuen Tzen, desiring the American people to become familiar with ancient Chinese art, has forwarded to the Exposition, in care of Wu Ying Ding, a selection from his wonderful museum. The exhibit includes rare specimens of enamelled and "Cloisonne" ware, each from two hundred to five hundred years old, of which there can be none now manufactured, the art having been lost nearly two hundred years ago. Quite a number of the specimens of Cloisonne are made from jade, a very rare and valuable stone, the manner of using which in this class of ware has, strange to say, also been lost many years ago. The Japanese have made the nearest approach in some of their porcelain imitations of this fine old Chinese manufacture, but up to the present day no moderns can rival the ancient artists. This is really the finest and rarest collection of Cloisonne ware in existence, and collectors and lovers of the beautiful in ancient art should not miss the present opportunity of calling on Wu Ying Ding, or his courteous and efficient secretary, Mr. Fokes, and securing one of the few that are left. Both of these gentlemen are assisted by a corps of native attendants, and are at all times pleased to receive visitors, and afford them all the information in reference to the exhibits that may be desired. It is the intention of Hu Quang Yung to present a few specimens of Cloisonne to several of the well-known scientific institutions in this country, and it would be well for the presidents and directors of our leading colleges and museums to secure a part of this rare and valuable collection for the use and instruction of our citizens before it is all secured by private individuals. Mr. Gibson, of this city, has purchased two, and Mrs. Gardner Brewer, of Boston, Mass., has bought one of the eight finest pieces shown. In the display are, also, some beautiful bronzes, manufactured nearly 1,500 years ago, a few of which can be seen only in the art cabinets of the Emperor of Austria, the Czar of Russia, Queen Victoria of England, and that of Pope Pius IX. Antique china ware, made during the dynasty of the celebrated Emperor Ming, is also shown. Rare bedsteads, tables, and workboxes, all beautifully wrought, and covered with carvings, gildings, and filagree work, executed with exquisite skill and art, and each, in its own way, a perfect masterpiece, arrest the attention of the visitor as he passes through this wonderful department. Here, also, are to be seen vases of strange and wondrous forms, and fine aquariums adorned with wreaths of flowers, serpents, birds or animals. Taken as a whole, the display is one of the most choice and elegant collections ever seen, whether at any of the great world's fairs or in the art cabinets of the crowned heads of Europe. As works of ancient art, as specimens of a civilization so different from our own, and as rare curiosities the entire collection is well worthy of the study and attention of our connisseurs and savans.

To visit Machinery Hall, where all the marvellous inventions of the past century are congregated, or even to gaze on many of the products of modern achievement exhibited in the Main Building, and then enter the Chinese department, will necessarily induce a train of thought very complimentary to ourselves, and not very complimentary to the ingenuity of our Celestial neighbors. But to make a tour of the Main Building, and after examining all the specimens of real workmanship exhibeted by Europeans or Americans, then to return to the Chinese department, it will enable any one of average intelligence to estimate the exhibets of the Celestial Empire at their true value. The department is filled to repletion with the most elaborately carved, inlaid, and embossed articles of ornament and actual utility, and every inch, every line of this work is the product not of mechanical contrivances, but of human labor directed by an unerring though somewhat incongruous sense of the beautiful, and aided by endless patience and preseverance. The entire exhibition of China is composed not of mighty engines for economizing labor, nor the apparently delicate yet actually coarse fabrics manufactured in astonishing quantities by complicated machines, but of artistically beautiful though æsthetically grotesque ornamentation, which has been cultivated until even the most ordinary articles of housenold use have been transformed into visions of unique beauty.—*Phil. Press.*

Terrible Punishments.

One of the most terrible punishments ever conceived was that formerly used in England on those who, arraigned for felony or treason, refused to plead. As the trial could not proceed until the indicted person had answered the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" the torture of the "Peine Forte et Dure" was resorted to in order to compel compliance.

This strong and harsh penalty well deserved the name. All the old law books agree that the prisoner was carried back to prison and laid in some low, dark room, almost naked, upon his back. A sharp stone was placed beneath the back, a board on the body, and on this weights were gradually piled. The unfortunate prisoner received each day, alternately, either a small piece of bread of the worst description, or some water from the nearest stagnant pool. Thus he continued till he died for he could not, after the pressing begun, offer to plead. The earliest statue imposing this penalty is that of Westminster the First. It continued in use till 1772, when it was abolished. In 1692, Giles Corey, an old man of eighty, and husband of a reputed witch, was pressed to death.

Even women were subjected to this punishment. Among the recorded cases is that of Margaret Clitheroe, pressed to death at York, in 1586, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She was a lady of some position, her stepfather being at the time mayor of the city. She was arraigned for having given shelter to a priest. On being brought to the bar she declined to plead, either to save her children from being brought as witnesses against her or because she did not wish the jury to be made instrumental in her death. It may be, too, that she underwent the torture as a mode of death more painful, indeed, than hanging, but at the same time attended with less injury to her family, as no confiscation or attainder followed pressing to death.

Judge Clinch sentenced her to this effect: "That in the lowest part of the prison she shall be stripped, laid on her back on the ground, and as much weight laid on her as she could bear, and so continue for three days; and on the third day, should she still refuse to plead, be pressed to death, her hands and feet tied to a post and a sharp stone under her back."

On the day appointed she was led to the toll-booth. Here Fawcett, the sheriff, commanded her to undress. She implored upon her knees, as did other women, to be spared the shame, but in vain. The women then disrobed her, and she put on a long linen habit that she had prepared. Being thus ready, she lay quietly down on the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief. Then the door was laid upon her, and she covered her face with her hands, but the sheriff told her she must have her hands bound to two posts, which was done, so that she seemed extended on a cross. As the first weight was laid upon her she cried: "Oh, Jesus, have mercy upon me!" but these were her last words. A sharp stone was then placed upon her back, and seven or eight hundred weight piled upon the door. After an agony of a quarter of an hour she expired.

An Intelligent Judge of Pictures.

The painter Vernet related that somebody once employed him to paint a landscape, with a cave and St. Jerome in it. But, when he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the cave."—"I understand you," replied Vernet; "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther back. The gentleman took the painting, and it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave. Vernet then painted out the figure and returned the picture to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he showed the picture to strangers he said: "Here you have a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in his cave." "But we do not see the saint," objected the visitors. "Excuse me, gentlemen," returned the possessor; "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in the cave."

Young Folks' Column.

Up Early.

Little birds are wide awake
Early in the morning,
Just think how funny it would be
To see the robins yawning!

To hear the little sparrow say,
"Oh dear! 'tis hardly light!
Mamma, I want to sleep some more!"
'Twould make you laugh outright.

They hop out of their little nests,
So cosy and so warm,
And sing their merry morning tune
In sunshine and in storm.

And now, my pet, run find mamma,
And whisper in her ear,
That, when she wakes *her* birdie up,
It will be sure to hear.

Little Boy Blue.

Not the identical one that slept under the hay-stack, while the cows trampled the corn; no, indeed, he was quite too wide awake for that! Our Little Boy Blue had another name; but he was seldom called by it; and did not much like it when he was. For when he heard people say "John Allison Wane!" he knew that he was in mischief, and justice was about to be meted unto him.

Why was he called little Boy Blue? Because, when he was a tiny baby, his eyes were so very blue—"real ultramarine," Aunt Sue said; but baby only wrinkled his nose at the long word, and mamma smiled.

However, the eyes kept their wonderful color as the baby grew up, so the name was kept too.

Boy Blue had four sisters, three older, one younger, than himself. He used, sometimes, to wish for a brother, but mostly he was too busy to worry about trifles. He had so much to do the days were not long enough.

He had to work in his garden; it was about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, but it required a great deal of care. He had to feed the kitty, help shell the peas for dinner, ride on the saw-horse, and be an ice-man, a strawberry-seller, a coal-heaver and a fish-monger, all with only